An Alien to Existence

Jon D Gemma

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DEDICATION

To Maya, my gypsy, my spinning woman.
I projected her unto every woman before the vision died.
I wrote this book in 2005 when I still had the desire.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO DEATH

It was just another morning and life was recycling reality with the blank slate of a new day. I must have been twelve or thirteen at the time. I had yet to discover why girls were so pretty. And though I knew I had the need to hold someone close like the comfort of a pillow I didn't understand the strange language of lust. Nor did I understand the new terms that were being brought together to create what I needed to know as soon as I found out. I was in every way a simple mind of daydreams and George Lucas. But this particular morning was broken with the sun of something bizarre. There was a hysterical laugh coming from the dining room as though someone slipped into insanity. And the language of thought that fit the fire was an earth like liquid pouring itself from the solar system. I woke up to discover that it was my father. But what I thought to be a clown gone crazy were rivers rushing from a pain too puzzling to understand. My mother then told

me…my aunt Edith had just died of heart failure in her sleep. Her last name was Reall. Really, it was. I never saw something like that from my father, and I never knew him to cry. I just took the news and went back to sleep. My immediate reaction was, "Okay, whatever…why is everyone so upset?" I just could not grasp it.

My aunt was young and a very well respected member of the community. She was in her early forties. The death was of course a comet come from the blind side of our sleep walk through this alien earth. I remember our families were close. What I knew was the ripple in reality left a crater throughout the cosmos. Or so death had devastated everyone I know in existence. But of it I was an alien and not quite like the beings that were brought to life inside the game. My island on the outskirts of an alternate entity was a wild child without a concept of seeing someone in such a foreign fact of life.

I remember I wanted to be like the adults. Yes, I wanted to go to the wake and see what all this commotion was that made so many mourn. I was going to see a dead person in a coffin. How freakish is fire that it might mutate to such a degree. I was going to gaze into this new thing that had arrived into my life. Hundreds came to pay their respect and I had no idea how death so sudden left lives such desire to

see the dead. I was waiting in a long line ready to fathom this, thinking it was just an unusual event that people practiced. Such sorrow I could not comprehend. What a chance it was in the short life of a young boy to see a corpse sleeping in the silence of sleep. What else was this…this rest in the middle of the material plane, but someone who simply shut her eyes.

I finally came to the forefront of the divine and such slumber was more real than reality. As soon as I saw my aunt there was a hurricane in my head and faucets from a dam poured the pressure of eternity. I knelt like a fool who tasted the secret too soon without any warning. I walked from her grace to find a place to hide and the tears came like a thunderstorm, as I knew. She wasn't coming back and I had no idea what demon devised such a fate as death. Edith's husband approached me and told me not to cry. As though it was not a human element I was meant to understand. I couldn't stop. We went home that night and I never thought much about it again, as if she was never here.

A DANCING DEAD MAN

Some might say a story is a house with many rooms in which a treasure is to be found hidden between each line. I believe in the fact of fantasy more so than the might of the mountain. What I bring to you is my mansion. The haunted heart of its attic and the things I once hoped to find in the night sky as I laid awake and thought of the wonder it was to be a child. There was so much out there and every shooting star was a sign of life from the heavens. Magic was among me. If I could taste the fountain forever I might decide to do what I love the most. Write about the golden age of my inner life and the truth behind the curtain of perception. There are dreams among us that weigh heavier in the night than our mortality limits us to be. And so I think among the journey of my own imagination where I am a reflection won in the moment of my words.

As a child it was outer space and the great revolution of science fiction gone mad with sightings. I think that if aliens did exist, and they were real, they would probably communicate something to me that might remind me of a piece by Mozart. Something very sublime and beautiful, but hard to put into words. I don't think they would communicate something directly or use something as simple as language. And I don't imagine the typical Martian type of alien with the wild features of an open field of optics. It may be a being of light, or an entity of consciousness, traveling through inner space. With such a wondrous story to tell that I would spend the rest of my life trying to understand it as I reason existence. Like a human letting an ant crawl all over his or her hand. Gently letting the insect find their way about the new world and giving them a glimpse of the greater things yet to come. The hands, something to discover in the course of an ant's existence. They have crawled about through the ages never touched by such fire. They are obviously aware of us to a degree. I imagine an alien bringing us to a higher level of awareness.

For a moment, be mindful of free association in the presence of the sun and its radiance within the wide-eyed individual too senseless to blink. If I were to free associate faster than the speed of light I might

find that everything is connected to everything else. A meaningful pattern of energy arranges the universe and holds it in place. Light is the measure by which we observe creation. But within we might know a faster means by which we are visited by the ghosts of the cosmos. Theorists are now speculating inner space to be a more appropriate means of contact. Science fiction has also pondered pure thought in relation to the reality of mind when touched by something greater. But this glimpse given to every eye that meets the end is but a drop from a faucet when we make it back. To those that survive the grand design. It is a stick figure in our present level of consciousness and what we can hold in that "I" – That thinking thing. I don't know that we could comprehend an encounter so easily as to incorporate the entire spectrum of the experience into the shallow grave of our mind.

Consider the microscopic world within, as it is a universe of universes like moments taken out of duration. Some organisms are so intricate and mechanical that if a single part of one were missing it would not function. It is believed that such an organism could not have developed over a long period of time through natural selection. It has to have appeared all at once. Giving credibility to the theory of a design and a designer. Transformation in one giant swoop would be divine.

An encounter with an alien entity could be seen as a designer creating a new organism. Something similar in nature to an alchemist turning base metals into gold. I'm not sure that everything I can possibly perceive is everything that exists. I have reason to believe there is something beyond me. The concept of an alien entity could be a simple idea to create a theory of the connection between the brain and its boundary. As I understand, everything is an aspect of what my brain produces. Figments of what, and who, I am. Aliens, angels, or even God…We give within and without a face. What lies outside the limits of our understanding. Let it shine on me.

My story begins with someone very close to me in the archive of my existence. His name is Newell, which was given to him in the hope that he would grow into it. An unusual name designed to set him apart or bring poetry to his journey. Many people go their entire life without discovering their gift, but Newell began life with an explosion of torment. Such was his entry unto the world. Pain was the herald of things from heaven. Ask any saint, or any person who devotes their being to the reflection of life's fountain. They will tell you how gold comes from grief and what wonder tears bring to the ones who suffer in the heart of hell. For they know the secret of their need for

sanctuary. How light shines upon the solitude of an island in the eye of the storm. Newell was cursed with painful migraines. They were the crowning of a king unto the future of a design so cosmic it crushed him. As a child he would suffer endlessly for hours. What was the brilliance of light became the burden of terror.

This all seems so tragic, but the trauma of his youngest years brought him a great communion with someone's faith in the heart. Andrea, his mother, sheltered him for hours from the beast and the demon of dementia. Such a demon tried to tattoo his number on Newell's forehead. When the pain burst into tears for fear it was too much to bear Newell's mother held Christ close to him and shone the light in the middle of the nightmare. Newell suffered for the weight of the world, but what he knew of the heart was greater than the horse's hoofs upon the mud of his mind.

Growing up Newell wore the mask of madness in the development of his personality. He was an only child born in the poorest part of the city. His trauma was invisible to the eye, but it came with relief in what his mother shared of life. Andrea was kind and gentle with Newell. Always motivating him and understanding the special needs he had in life. Andrea granted Newell a kingdom. Like a

herald of the heart she drew him into the mouth of the great fairy tale where a child is born to become a virtuoso. Newell's father, Theodore, worked in the misery of the system and they didn't have much money to spoil Newell with presents and things that might make another child jump with joy. What they did have was imagination. Newell's mother was very creative about the way she brought him up and he knew the reality of the heart on the holidays. Those special occasions were always like visions visiting him in the night. His childhood was filled with the dreams of the pagan practices that were incorporated into the Catholic faith. Newell was taught to believe in magic and miracles that came from the sky in the shape of a fantastic story that followed a star. The gift of the garden and the serpent only came to those who wanted the knowledge of the mind. Newell understood something as a child about the practice of Egyptian rituals. They always kept the heart and disregarded the brain as something that was not useful to the human body. Newell knew the brain was something that clouded someone's vision. The instrument of sight came from one's core. But Newell also had a mind and he used it to create. He was like his mother in his pursuit for perfection. Newell's gift of imagination, in the foundation of his youth, gave him the desire to express abstract concepts that he didn't understand. They came to him from somewhere else. They were

alien, and unknown courtyards, in the kingdom of the cosmos.

In school Newell was taught about the good Lord more than anything else. He went to a school that in today's times might appear to be radical and too outspoken about the Holy Spirit. It was a place where Jesus healed the lepers of the city. The good and poor of the world in the middle of the cement monsters made their stand to receive the body and blood of the immortal man. Christ was the great martyr who made his way through the stages of the cross on the stained glass windows within the body of God. Church was always a haven from the daily life of the living dead. And Newell was taught to pray. He enjoyed the religious community of friends and family a great deal and there were often get togethers at the beach that brought everyone a sense of belonging. They lived near the tide in New England. Life's seasons brought the summers to shine with the grace of their gathering.

Newell was famous in a way back then. Everyone looked upon him as extraordinary. He was beloved by God in the holy disorder of his migraines. Newell's creativity was the result of a prodigious boy with the pain of dying man. Many of the elders admired him for the strength to invent himself while under the pendulum of his foremost years. Children always impress upon the heart when they are born

unto a burning building and receive the gift of an old man's eyes. Though his work was at times negative, and not at all reflective of the things he was taught. The irony of his religious teachers and mentors praising his passion was in fact the pardon from the church and the freedom to get caught up in the occult imagery of Lucifer's light. The basic structure of the religion was not an aspect of Newell's unconscious mind when he created his work. His migraines left him with another world like that of the surrealist movement where dreams are often crazy and closer to the reality of nature than the fairy tale of faith. Of course this is all depending on whether or not the faith of the messiah was a matter of madness. People could have built a religion around the character Scrooge and passed him along as a fact of history. Newell didn't wonder so much at an early age about the critique of belief. He would explore mental perceptions in his early years. He had a fascination with the way he hypnotized himself to control the mechanism. That bizarre bridge between being in life and being in the background. But he had it in his heart to hope for miracles from the madness of what he knew within the monster's mind. Such was the machine of the moment that proved pointless to people that reasoned existence.

It was in the second grade when he fell in love with his first angel. Many people will try to define love and arrive at rational explanations that are neither befitting nor true to the reality of what Newell saw in this young girl. She was from Guatemala. She came from a land that had visions of beauty to bring to the world. The teacher would allow her time to talk in class about her visions of the Virgin Mary. Newell was sure of the fact of her sight. Light shone around her like an aura of a flame. Her name was Aurora, which meant the dawn. In Newell's short life he had never seen such a sun shining on the mirror of his mind. It reflected his own feelings of grace back upon the world. There are millions of men and women who never know love. Newell knew it in the second grade. His life was one with the magic of divinity. Love was not the result of a sexual attraction and a process of falling head over heals. Love was a sacred communion of the soul in the innocence of the second grade. It was where a young boy and a young girl shared something holy in the midst of the adults and their drive to become intimate. It was something more beautiful. Something so pure that only children could have known it. Newell knew his heart spoke the truth to him when he believed with the wide-eyed wonder of the grace that passed before him. And she passed before him as soon as she appeared. Aurora returned to Guatemala the next year and Newell

always wondered how his life would be different if she saved him from the journey of becoming a responsible adult. Life at school was never quite the same. Somehow the disappointment of losing his first glimpse of grace left Newell without the eyes to hold onto her vision. She was fleeting and just like a dream. Reality was different with an empty echo in a vacant lot.

Newell continued his education. He understood the special gift of his character without the heart of an angel pouring rainbows from the sky. Within the mountain of madness was the molten flow of enduring time's sinister sensation. He would rest his head for hours unable to bring his mind to words without watching them become alphabet soup. Luckily there were interruptions in-between the chaos. Moments of clarity when he swore he was as high as The Beatles. His personality was charismatic when he wasn't in a wormhole of hell. When he picked up crayons he never stopped coloring his way towards destiny. He would sit atop a mountain in his room and gaze at his portfolio of pain. They were brilliant works of art for a twelve-year-old majoring in psychology. The depth of his character was a pencil on paper. A little voice inside his head said he was to prepare for the day when the world would see him stand above the madness and copulate

with his imagination. Newell was taught the fairy tale and Jesus loved him. The imagination of his youth was joyous enough to keep him from letting the devil see him demented in the punishment of his pain.

There was actually a moment that defined Newell and his sense of self as a child with a gift. He had a dresser that he would climb atop in his underwear while he pretended to be a shaman in the middle of his imagination. Art was decorating every wall and Newell liked to reflect on the master of this reality. Who else but Newell, who mirrored creativity in the color of his room, where he imagined his eternity on the clock of empty gazes? He'd look through eternities for an intelligent design to appear from the walls. His artwork's were mirrors and they were everywhere. He created them with construction paper and paint like a wave of the wand upon the transformation of matter. It was just he and his room with the mirrored reflection of his young psyche. The door never appeared, or he seemed to sense it wasn't within his desire to want an exterior existence in the midst of his dream. Yet it caught him one day as he gazed around his room and drifted into the fantasy of his artistic talent. His mother opened the door and suddenly there was a world that he almost forgot. "What are you doing Newell?" His mother asked in curiosity. Newell was quick to

reply. It was the first thought on his mind. "I have to get ready for my career as an artist." He told her. Newell was already an artist and his mother was quite aware. But whether he could build a career lost in the unreality of the room was different. He spent more time drawing and dreaming than thinking about the door and what lied beyond the boundary of his imaginary friends. Though they were quite creative and made wonderful reflections of his environment he was too caught up in the illusion of life as a child.

Living life as a young artist was tumultuous in the reality of a room. Such a domain was fit for flying away. And what no one understood about Newell when he was young was that he had a high so majestic he'd come crashing down with a maniacal mood. He never did learn to express himself with the gift of his tongue. He could use it nonetheless to lash out at everyone around him. Though there was sympathy for his broken brain he could not be predicted to be rational in the same way as what was perceived to be the norm. This always kept him from getting too close to the others who had seen him with the eyes of disbelief. Even though his creativity was the redeeming quality of his character his connection with reality was unreal like a moment that would pass into oblivion. Newell was never diagnosed in his youth.

There was not much support from his family who he often lashed out at in frustration. As though he was a stranger in a bad dream that surrounded the misunderstanding of his personality. Newell was punished more times than he cared to recall and he never quite understood why, other than the fact that he couldn't communicate. The migraines complicated Newell a great deal. This was his gift in life. He had to let the torture of time be the weaving principle of his personality until it spun a web of completion. It was Newell's foundation and the creation of his character. That he might make the best of a head full of hornets stinging his heart.

Basically Newell did not get off to a good start and it set the stage for the rest of his journey. Unable to survive the winters of truth but for the grace of his God who cried for his foolishness throughout life. Newell eventually left the religious school that he belonged to. The community dispersed. No one truly knows what happened to the congregation that seemed so strong in their convictions. Life has a way of changing the heart. Time takes us away from where we once were. Like a shadow that followed behind the faith. It left it's illusion in the memory of each other's mind. The sun shone the future of things to come and the greener grass on the pagan path. Newell was getting

older and life had its fault, or so he imagined it was meant to change. He missed what he knew in the fountain of youth, but he was old enough to notice girls in a different way. His migraines never came with the suitcase of his age. Eventually they tapered off when he traveled through time. The wisdom he suddenly had over his parents who taught him the tooth fairy made them the greatest fools upon the face of their faith. He decided to leave Christ with Santa Claus. Matters of the heart had do to with the blossoming beauty of his fixation on her figure. Whoever she might be at the time. The first dream that pleasures the lust of a new legacy had Newell believe eyes were meant for the daughter of the devil. How she danced in his head whenever he noticed an object of desire. A kid in a candy store, but the taste was too sweet to know chocolate without guilt. God made things interesting indeed.

Years upon years would pass before Newell knew what he was doing. Or at least until he tried to do what he thought was right. By this time he was on his own and living in an apartment complex for low income individuals. Newell never succeeded in the work force. He held many different types of jobs, which were all menial positions. They were all dead end failures and he lacked success in the academic

arena. He had a hard time fitting in with that world. He often came home to his island where he wanted to cry, but tears don't come when a man is meant to hold things inside. And besides, his parents named him Newell. Someone does not receive a name like that to work in a full time managerial position. He often got lonely and depressed, but his family only lived a short distance from where he dwelled. They were always there for support. Newell mainly received financial support, as his emotional state was difficult to understand. He was too complicated for anyone to truly know how to handle his needs.

Although Newell never managed to get very far he knew what it was to slave for a dollar. He did have an imagination, and surely he was different for a reason other than the ridicule of coworkers and employers. He had something from his childhood in a box in his closet that he kept for reminding him of his potential to fly. His mother saved many things for Newell, of which included all of his art, a childhood scrap book, and a piece of the blanket that used to comfort him in the night. God gave him wings when he needed to escape into the warmth of his mother's womb. Her voice often came from the past like a ghost that suggested his substructure. But Newell was all grown up. He was as mature as he possibly thought he could be for a thirty-year-old man

that could never sit through the big screen productions of modern day movies. Their larger than life creations came closer and closer to the reality of his greatest fears. The fact of fantasy was dawning in this age…and reality? It was difficult to differentiate between the real world explosion in entertainment and the minds of fiction that made him feel the confusion between the two.

Newell was sensitive to things of a nature that other people never picked up on. In fact, Newell lived in a halfway house between the waking world of the common sense creatures and the underground art of the supernatural. He lived a life of vision and twilight. At times he was a figment of his imagination, or a special individual, that communicated within the world of inner space. There were times when he believed he was a mythical character from the past of his Blackfoot ancestry. Newell was a mixture of many nationalities. Mostly Italian, but his Native American blood was strong. The Blackfoot dominated him with wild stories of unconscious truths. They seldom let a white man enter their circle and somehow Newell was granted passage through the lineage of the spirits. When Newell read a book Newell didn't simply read a book. Newell became predestined to follow the archetype of the map that illustrated reality. He connected with a

character like a plug connected with a socket. There was such electricity in the union that he felt the fate of his own future being foretold. The teachings of the Blackfoot Indians touched a world within him that was a fire that came down from the sky. Newell grew up to be a curious character. He was seldom understood, but to him it was the luck of the stars. A countless number of points predicting his placement in the path of life. Such was an artist and the pleasure of pain. But he was born to behold his reflection within the pool, or the place of the unconscious.

Of course it is a common saying that artists are never appreciated until they die. But Newell…Newell was the smartest and most gifted artist ever to walk the earth. If cartoons could come to life Newell believed he could make them conscious. How he thought differently than the rest, and what a silly human race it was. His attempt to get recognized by writing his autobiography was a stroke of genius that only a jester would suggest. He had already worked on it for five years and anything good took time. He imagined his life was interesting enough. Especially while he battled with drug abuse and his mental illness. Newell was finally diagnosed when he was nineteen with a schizoaffective bipolar type disorder. But because he had such a

heavy dose of creativity it was more accurate to call him a schizotypal. He was delusional and paranoid with a ghostly high haunting his reflection. Newell liked to experiment with psychedelics and had little to no control over his substance abuse. Einstein stated the difference between stupid and genius. A genius knows his or her limits. Newell did a drug until he was boundless in the space time continuum as he looked behind and saw every wormhole in existence. It was the practice of the shaman, or the easy avenue to the spiritual center. The station of tunnels led to whatever he could comprehend. It was much more pleasurable than the practice of meditation. Which often took years of discipline to master properly. Newell wanted to be a Buddhist monk and control the temperature of his body to make the snow melt around him as he sat in the mountains. But he went off in a wild direction where he could never quite find the discipline to do something that took so much concentration. So hallucinogens seemed fitting for the ark of animals he wanted in his eyes.

Having experimented a great deal in life concerning the creative mind something made Newell think he had mastered his own map of reality. As though he was as potent as the middle age art that stopped cropping up with the Fisher King and other archetypes of the

time. But Newell had a dream and in fact he had quite a unique experience in life that he couldn't find replicated anywhere else. He had something he thought he could offer and now it was time to tell the world. For five years of his life his hopes and aspirations as a child kept him from returning to work as a janitor. Newell couldn't stand to live the life of the third shift and lose touch in a place where he needed to know reality. He was lucky enough to have a job, but the people couldn't stand him. There was something about the toilets after he would clean them. Whenever he flushed one the garbled noise of the water used to speak to him, as if the toilet was alive. He could make out meaningful thought in the random noise. Toilets usually don't have nice things to say in the early morning hours when the creatures of the night are stalking the world. So when he was placed on disability it was a blessing. Newell made a decision that his life was to have meaning. He didn't quite have the confidence it took to be successful in the population of popular art. He always seemed to be led down the dead end of other people's plans. But he was rambunctious, and life was going to change. Newell was certain of his ability to perform the impossible. He went ahead and wrote a very strong and secure book. His integrity was going to be a gold mine, and he didn't even have a job. Much of the reason he went ahead and threw his entire heart into a

risky business was because he was out of luck.

The book was of course the crowning achievement of his life. He was ready to incite a riot in the literary world had he the strength and power to see it published. He went from listening to toilets talk to writing a book. It was a miracle to him. People were astounded that he came out of nowhere the way he did and just said, "I'm going to write a book!" People loved his work, as it spoke the truth of his courage to do something significant. He created his own philosophy about his art and shared his thoughts on life. He tried to emulate the letters of Van Gogh and keep from shooting himself in the side at the same time. Newell thought it was a terrible way to go. He'd kick it in the head if he wanted to get out that bad, but he believed God had to come for him when God saw that he was ready to go. The letters of Van Gogh were of course very personal, and such was Newell's book. In the process of sharing with people his spine was as strong as the scent of someone who seldom bathed. People would share intimate things with Newell and it was something he never knew before in his life. As though he was a confidant. He could listen to the woes of another world. For Newell never knew people or the problems of the human condition. He was a hermit for a great deal of his life in the solitary confinement of

his room. But he was beginning to bloom. Reaching out was such a pleasure that he poured the river of reality and made meaning of the alphabet soup. The trauma of his childhood left him to ponder the lips of his mind and the absurd sensation of a migraine for many years.

As well as writing and doing traditional art on canvas Newell also did multimedia web design at the time. There was no future on the Internet. It was designed for corporate sites to prosper with little to no room for digital insanity. But Newell was going to revolutionize the way the world perceived digital art. He was going to raise eyebrows in the art community. Galleries would connect to the World Wide Web and display web sites as part of their fine art exhibitions. His work was going to be the beginning of a new movement in the art world. The Multimedia Movement of Digital Madness was what he had in mind. It was more than art. It was interactive. It allowed the end user to participate with a piece of artwork as though they were an important part of the design. Newell was a genius at creating conceptual art that portrayed the mind traveling into the distant future. As if a Roman soldier were to arrive in our day and age and be overwhelmed into insanity. Newell let people travel through the tunnel and the dream of Einstein. He was an extraordinary artist with an imagination as

powerful as an alien planet. But this did not mean much at all in the medium of his choice. Like an absent-minded professor his art was fire while his presentation was disorderly and difficult to navigate. Newell didn't have an overall sense of design to harbor the many hearts of his digital heaven. Newell knew the paintings on the wall, but he didn't know the wall.

Newell's art was a joy, which was the reason he created it. Hoping his book would bring exposure he planned to become the master of every medium he could. But what Newell didn't know about writing a book was that he was dealing with the business. Like the Mafia might say, "It's just business." And he had enough letters of rejection to make a paper mache of Alexander the Great. But also, Newell didn't know what he was opening himself up to in terms of the metaphysical world that was surrounding him. He had a strong sense of the spirit world, but it was not a toy to be posed like an action figure in his prose. This was especially true when he was in the process of writing and as he started to get close to women. To truly get to know them and not simply flirt or be friendly. Newell would share his work and women fell for his honesty and passion. He was so open about his life that he would rush into things so soon there ended up being a great

deal of intensity involved in a relationship. It was as if two souls had suddenly been synchronized. There existed a psychic world between friends that was filled with fantasy and emotion in the sudden act of hypnotizing each other with their eyes. Newell didn't know the power of the written word, but women thought his inner beauty was so blinding he would make them cry. His sensitivity to a woman's heart was his own. He merged heart and practical to create magic out of the thin air that a woman might breathe in the midst of something sexual. But Newell wasn't prepared to peer behind the curtain of a woman's soul the way he let them peer behind his own. He made instant bonds that were never built to last and sharing something spiritual with a woman came at the cost of sacrificing it when things weren't working. He had a hard enough time handling the intensity of his own mind. Never mind what a woman was about when she was unclothed in the center of her psyche. Like two different realities that were in alternate parts of the universe. Newell often wondered if they were ever meant to coexist in a conventional connection. Love was never like Aurora, and the dawn had set its golden eye of God with the memory of His Son's Mother. The Western World could never complete the trinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, no matter who spoke of the Virgin vision. To Newell, love was a goodbye and a process of forgetting someone's

name.

This all changed when Newell saw the words of a delicate voice reaching out for a friend. Someone was looking to share thoughts on life and Newell had enough thoughts to fill a book. It was finished by the time he was thirty when he was old enough to suffer on the cross. But Newell wasn't sure if he simply wanted to keep it between friends and family. His life story was much too painful to go chasing after more letters of rejection. He had a vision when he was young. It was more of a hypnogogic hallucination really. To sum up the Satan of his horror he had been led unto the underground, after the human race, depicted as a highway of traffic, knocked him off of the cradle of humanity. Rejection was Newell's greatest fear, and his book was his soul, as it suffered the torment of tunnels leading to a fiery fate. It's just business he would remind himself. Keeping the book between a few kept Newell from the hellish laughter of the hyenas. The crossword puzzle of his life was not prepared for the critics to complete. At least not until he found the confidence to overcome the problem of getting it published. So he went in search of another friend. He hoped he'd get something right about women for a change. He needed that single voice. The one to tell him he was ready for the world.

Newell knew they were from Venus and he was from Mars, but he never bought that book. He needed it bad because he didn't know the language of the cynic and how he should approach the dream of the dawn. The sun kept rising like his angel Aurora, but there was more to the game and he didn't learn from his failures. Life seemed like such a series of hello's and good-byes. Newell wanted something new. He wanted to live the dream of his grandfather who survived the greatest generation. He wanted to meet someone he might honor with his heart. Enough to die in the trenches of blood and bullets as they surrounded him with the terror of war. Newell wanted to know someone he might sacrifice his self-centered soul for in the name of destiny and in the name of love. There had to be more than the myth. Perhaps, if he gave himself fully, he might know how to close his eyes and give it his greatest. Newell was romantic to say the least, but the strength he needed to be more than a beautiful sky of stars giving way to the sun was in question. He needed to be the cosmic night enduring his life to be the dream of her heart. Newell believed he had to be more than the regular guy. He wanted love to last longer than the smile he might receive from the cashiers of his past correspondences. Making love to a woman's mind was what set him apart from the ordinary Joe. They went wild for words. So he wrote.

Her name was Heather, and they began as the birth of creation. God made the garden bloom in beauty if only for the friendship Newell had found. They shared the thoughts of any correspondence. All of the details and smiles that made for the magic caused Newell his quite creative approach. His poetry of pleasure came natural to flow through to the heart of a woman who herself wrote with a feather of friendship. They both exchanged their photos and contact information without hesitation. The bond was beginning before it had a chance to begin. As if Newell noticed the gentle hands that typed her letters to him he was already in love. Like he never learned a lesson in life. He hadn't dropped back to kindergarten, but nothing came before the moment he imagined her as the harp of the heavens. What an exquisite sound came forth from the wonder of her words. Such a sound left him gazing at the space that seemed so hard to find when you are opening your eyes. Newell liked the moment more than the memory. He found the garden in this girl. She was without what might be a tree, or a fruit, or a serpent that he could see. They got as close as children did in the second grade. In about a week's time Newell sent a copy of his manuscript. Heather read it overnight and replied to Newell with such a storm of electricity. "I can not believe the strength of your character! Do you realize how many people this is going to help?" she asked in her first

letter. Then another letter appeared with the most tragic tale of a little girl and her stepfather's deviance over the years. Newell was in shock, but he touched the life of another with his work and the bond became cement in the center of their souls.

Heather and Newell wrote for months and talked about their dreams and aspirations in life. Heather was in college majoring in English, as she was a creative writer. Hoping to go into editing someday she swore Newell's book was the perfect guide to greatness. But his fears were real, and she was well aware. He'd make her cry with his thought of failure when she looked upon his heart with the courage to believe if only he would do the same. Newell knew the voice when he heard it. It was Heather he had been waiting for. What started as friendship became the romance of two intertwined like pythons wrapped around each other in the tongue of death and it's final kiss into the next life. They were forever and much wiser than the mortals that never knew true love. Newell knew Aurora set with the sun, and his angel now had more on her mind than a vision of the Virgin Mother of Man. Newell knew nothing so erotic as the promise of her heart beating beneath her breast. He came up with the courage his grandfather might have to enlist in the Second World War and die in a

state of grace. He was resourceful and could create a lodge with as little as an ax and the will to see it stand. He saved for a few months and sacrificed his car until he was ready to do something insane. He had his eyes fixed on a print on demand publisher that offered special promotional options. What was within his budget was the beginning of his exposure in a downpour of fire if he could walk the earth set a blaze in flames. Yet this was love as it was meant to be in the day and age of King Arthur. Newell was sure of the glory he would win in the arms of his sacrament. But then the headaches began.

What Newell left behind in his childhood returned to him with the pressure of publication. It was destined to be severe repercussions from the concept of reality he was too clever to confront. The migraines lasted from dawn to dusk on a daily basis. Newell was grounded in his book, but he didn't know what he was about to face when he went all out with his work. He held nothing back about the world around him or how silly he thought the wise men were with their common sense construction of the great God of civilization. Progress was so pointless Newell looked at society and saw suicide. He was wiser than the Western World and whatever gibberish they made of the mind. But Newell was not the genius of his generation. However

he thought himself in the delusion of grandeur, the devil was laughing loud enough to hear. The possibility of success was exposing the principle of madness. More often than not this was the comedy of any science convention where Dr Frankenstein tried to be taken seriously. He'd go out in a blazing glory or the world would be flat and they would kick him off of the edge. Whatever the case he was not publishing this book for selfish reasons. He was publishing this book for the voice he heard of love. The migraines seemed a small consequence in the greater scheme of wooing a woman. But the days were like looking at a timing mechanism connected to a burst of molten madness, that may, or may not, actually go off. The future was now the wide-open potentiality of all things possible. And Newell needed Heather to keep him in touch, or to keep him standing for just another day.

Without warning the game had just begun. Heather began to grow distant and wasn't honest about her life situation with Newell. They were planning on sharing their lives and she was to stay with him in the harmony of his apartment where they might share something special. Only love might ease Newell of his worries. But it was like a stranger kept asking him to be patient while she would take weeks to

write. Newell had his eyes surgical sown shut from the beginning he began to wave his hand over her flame. She would never hurt Newell after his courageous attempt to prove his heart, or that was what he believed. Newell was unaware he was an egotist of love. That he could not control the uncertainty of relationships, and he was the puppet of the great performance. Never the master of his own fate. Yet nothing was being said about the demons she was keeping down. Newell pleaded with her to be frank, as he had been so honest himself. But the patience game was being played. His headaches just got worse while his heart went through the gutter. Finally he got to the cause of her depression. It appeared that people spread rumors about her at her place of employment. It was the scandal of the century, as her coworkers claimed she slept with a man that frequented her place of employment. He happened to be a drug addict. Newell truly didn't understand why she would not tell him. Never mind figure out why she couldn't cope. That is what the work force is like. He was risking his life with a book like this that could see him fall fast from the throne of his comfortable life. Heather was much younger than Newell and he never gathered the common sense to see her playing games. But now he had to support her like a father figure while he waited for his time to run out. She was never the same, and she kept growing more and more

distant while she wrote about how she couldn't figure herself out. As if Newell was in a mansion with a laughing little girl. They were playing hide and seek and he kept getting on his knees to beg her to stop.

Newell didn't know what to do but they talked about a future somewhere on the horizon. He kept asking if their love was worth the weight he worried over. Whenever it was lost forever her heart spilled forth from her letters, and turned to an arrangement of roses. She loved him more than ever. Newell noticed the nuances in her fingers as she typed her gentle breeze through the warm summer of their machines. Newell thought of love as a man and woman taking vows and believed it meant something in the course of life. There had to be a way to rebuild the bridge of their bond to some sense of security or he would linger in the lost soul of an unending problem. Newell decided to propose. He had already invested his place in history as the servant beneath her command in life. He hadn't the money to go finding the perfect star glittering with the gold of heaven. Yet he had the imagination to build a bundle of faith. What treasures that were close to his heart he gathered in a wooden chest with a painting of chivalry. It was The Accolade and a young man bowing before a queen was granted the gift of a knight. Newell had lost in love a number of times,

but he honored Heather as the covenant of a closed curtain where his window held him hostage in the shadows of the room. When she received his gifts she immediately accepted his proposal with the joy of a child. Or so Newell imagined until he stopped hearing from her again and his patience was requested. He waited in limbo beneath the light of the moon. He couldn't comprehend he was a lunatic in love with an illusion. Newell wanted love in his life and he expected a great deal from himself in a relationship. Newell thought he had to be Adonis for the woman he loved. What Newell didn't know was the difference between being Adonis and being a martyr. His mother always thought he was Christ, and Newell had a crown of thorns when it came to loving women.

Newell would wait and just when he thought he was crazy the world turned itself upside down. His book finally made it to print and became public domain. Everyone in the family was eager to read. Cousins, uncles, aunts, and of course his parents. Newell felt a great relief that he made it to the finish line and he just wanted to go through the day without the madness or a migraine. But he found out that his family was worse than he was when the backlash belted him between the eyes like a bullet the size of a brick. The repercussions were severe

and he was unprepared to deal with them as much as he thought and imagined he could. Heather was neither here nor there in Newell's time of need. When he needed the one shoulder he thought he could depend on his fears were real. He was truly alone.

What was becoming his redemption suddenly became his ticket to hell in a fury of animals feasting on his carcass. Much of his family was furious that he dared speak their name in the silence of painting their privacy with words. And Newell wasn't responsible for everything that went wrong in the world, as much as his family expected him to be the scapegoat of their incompetence in life. Also, Newell had his secrets, which he found the courage to come forth with. This was not welcome when Newell was supposed to be without sin. Family found his work to be too disturbing and much too real. They wanted the fairy tale version of what Newell was supposed to perceive. His mother was warned the book might be too much to bear, but she read it like a thief and punished Newell repeatedly whenever they talked. One person in the family thought the book deserved praise. But Newell knew deep down inside that he was waiting for the judgement day. It showed its face in the sky as if his family was an ocean falling with the thunder and lightning of his turn to carry the cross. You see, Newell believed that to

write a good book, honesty was the best policy. He didn't know it was the liars who prospered. No one wanted the truth, but that was what Newell was after. It was the reason he wrote. That, and changing the structure of reality through the nuclear weapon of words. But he had hoped the weapon would be a beautiful dove. Newell was cast out and his apartment looked more like a prison. A room where he was punished more times than he cared to recall as a child.

Newell woke up from the war and he had two things left. He had a book and he had a fiancé. But Heather wasn't there to support him through the trenches of his family's feelings. Newell had been on his own, but he could always count on the support of loved ones. Now he had to beg their forgiveness for the rest of his life. He had to be below the ladder while they crushed his hands as he tried to climb. Or so he imagined he was beyond redemption. The rungs to immortality were broken when he lifted his head to the world and the stories spread quickly throughout Newell's community. Italians talk in the golden city. Newell had a strong impression of his life as a child. If Aurora had saved him from the process of writing a big league book he may never have seen the way the others lost faith. He may never have seen the world become desensitized in its own disgust. He may never have seen

anger, bitterness, jealousy and ridicule. He may never have experienced these things himself. If Newell died in the second grade he would have known no greater joy than the vision of a young girl and a state of grace. Now he was guilty with the filth you might find from a coin passing through a million hands. His hope was Heather and a book he could hardly believe. As if it was Swiss cheese, and much like his mind. Newell created a theory of reality, and reality suddenly had millions of holes in it. Reality was constantly changing. Newell would not have been surprised if it slapped him upside the head with an eggshell of pieces. Life now held the probability that he might have to put them together in a matter of moments. If the holes were any indication of what was wrong with his head he might have to count them like lightning. Or perish in the punishment of never knowing what is real.

Newell had sent a signed copy of his book to Heather who immediately responded with an emotional letter of overwhelming joy. When she received his torment turning on each page. "I knew you could do it!" She wrote. "Please…please forgive me for being distant." He heard this all before, and he gave her a hundred second chances to simply ignore him again. Like a cat who will ignore its master on purpose. The letter went on and on as Newell dropped back and

dropped out. Just for a split second, as if he was only good enough if he could find the strength of Samson. If only he could shake the pillars of the population with the words of an almighty martyr going straight to heaven. Heather could have carried him to his grave and Newell might never know what happened. Newell wrote back and said to hell with the man of her dreams. He was very forgiving of her, but this time… this time his head was a forest fire that people kept putting out with gasoline. Maybe his grandfather was wrong. If he couldn't be appreciated unless he won the Second World War with the checkmate of his muscle then maybe his girl was more in love with fantasy than Newell was in love with her. She sure was beautiful, but the princess that they thought they were was often glittering in the diamonds of a hideous damsel. Beauty was a woman with an inner self, or a world of substance. Beauty was Aurora having visions from heaven when everyone else silently prayed for Santa Claus to follow a star. Once again, the letters stopped, and Heather proved to be looking for someone to hold open the door of death. However heavy it might be, Newell had to wash her feet with the wine of his tears. Else he believed he'd never be good enough to know love in the sense of its real meaning. The more he suffered the more he truly cared, and the more he could care less.

Newell sent Heather an apology for getting upset but never planned to hear from her again until out of the blue the burden was back. Her stepfather had brain cancer and now she needed Newell more than ever. Newell was born the day before last, or so the story goes. He was barely getting by on the fringe of his failure and he was still trying to find the strength to reach a massive audience. It never truly bombed until the real critics had a chance to take their seat before the language of his lunacy. He was still a schemer in the midst of his distress. Or perhaps he was a glutton for punishment. He had his web site and if he could promote his art and his book at the same time perhaps it might stop pouring and the herald angels would come forth from the clouds. He held onto grandeur if only to fight the war of the world and make a final stand about humanity. He might become the first to touch down on the sacred ground of a new frontier. Newell was an exceptional individual, but he had no idea his life was beyond repair. His illusion was real and he believed himself to be among the living, if only they were actually alive. And again, Heather needed his help. He was too weak when it came to a woman so he needed to be strong. Perhaps for the rest of the relationship he would have to pretend that he was almighty God. He would have to give her the voice of a rock that could float in a river.

Heather began to write often and Newell felt needed. She would write about how much she had grown up and told the tale of a dying man. Newell had a hard time believing about her story of brain cancer and she was a creative writer. In fact he wondered if she was creating a juxtaposition between her stepfather's illness and his own life situation. In many ways Newell was trying to prepare for death, or find peace with God, when creating his map of reality. His artwork and writing were both illustrative of this. He just didn't expect someone to play upon his fears of the unknown. But this was love, and eyes are often like glasses. You can remove them. Newell once again began to save. He found a way to promote his book with his web site and the New York Times offered a package for banner advertisements. So he set a goal. While wasting his much-needed income on the long shot of the century he wrote back and forth to Heather. She never spoke a word, or offered any support for Newell. He gathered what little strength he had left to go forth with something that could leave him in the hospital with third degree burns. In fact, it was as though Newell was writing to an auto responder that didn't even read his letters. There was just the story of the dying man. How horrible it was for him to fight for life. And how Heather hadn't the strength to hold her own and cope with reality. It became a burden for Newell who felt his time running out with this

relationship.

When the day came to promote his work Newell was so lost in illusion that he thought he had brain cancer. Heather wrote her final letter and explained how the cancer had entered the spinal fluid, and how sad it was to watch her stepfather giving up. As he had to be taken to the hospital. She could no longer write, and needed to be with her family. This meant that the love Newell was fighting for had entered the spinal fluid of his final days. He made a deal to promote with the New York Times. Newell always connected with a character like a socket in a plug, and when his banner went live thousands of people began to visit his web site. The only problem with Newell was he went over the edge and begged them to bring death on like a hurricane. For a few weeks the visitors kept coming. Newell's market report was a disappointing disturbance of visitors who haphazardly stumbled into the nest of a nervous breakdown. Which was public display in a digital disaster of a creative confrontation with the brain and its abnormality caused by cancer.

Newell called Heather one last time to offer her his sympathy. He wanted to hear her voice and speak to her directly. When the answering machine picked up the phone there was a raging man

threatening to kill anyone and everyone who called Heather. Newell was in disbelief for a good five minutes before he said, "It figures." She had to have been seeing someone during the course of the relationship with him or found someone new while she created excuses why she couldn't write. Newell did not see it coming, and he was as stupefied as the day he was born. He had no clue as to what world he was in. Now he was left with a book that was bombing like a blazing Zeppelin. And oh the humanity…Well, what was that anyway?

Newell's dreams as a child turned out to be his desire to let the hurricane hit him and wash away what little he had left. It wasn't much but the breath of his heart like a balloon of blood. And that was out there ready to be burst. His delusions of grandeur and the gridiron on the one yard line where he was stopped by the face a failure left him with no where to go. Everyone knew of Newell's attempt to promote his work and how he thought he could roll the dice like James Bond in the thriller of espionage and world domination. He had to face the public like a zebra in the country, and every time he left the prison of his apartment, the ambition that he thought would win him critical acclaim became the worst humiliation of his life. A woman led him like a horse to drink the water, but it was fire engulfing the inner space of

his soul. He found it hard to simply walk down the street to the pharmacy without wondering if he would collapse on the way to get his medication. Newell was ready to lie down and die. When he finally did the lightning struck. It was late at night, as he was getting ready for bed, when his central nervous system shut down and he collapsed. He imagined it was cancer in his spinal fluid that seized him in complete shock. He became comatose and in a semi conscious state began to crawl through time by will alone wondering if he would leave his body. It was by chance that he fell into bed when the steel feather floated down his spine. The last thing he recalled was what day it was and time of night as a photograph memory of his apartment was frozen into the burning hell of his bed. The summer night was as kind as his head in a hot oven. He panicked for hours while he tried to maintain his focus under the pressure of Earth's cruel surrender to the sun. Like a drug will drift one into the unknown, Newell was finally kissed by the unconscious.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD OF REALITY

The great kiss upon the lips of a tormented time held the promise of a paradise. If only Newell could solve the crime of creation and the language that complicated it. The case had become apparent for the first time in Newell's life, or what it had now become. The life that led to this point was in the past like a mind might forget it has a body. Newell was never much of a detective when he knew himself in the construction of conventional reality. He was never on top of his life and could not figure out the simplest things, such as the slang that surrounded him wherever he carried his name. Such language was ordinary, but to him it was alien. Now there was a problem, and it was a serious one. Reason existence in the fight of his life or fall through the thin ice of chaos. Let Jack rip his way into the shadows of eternity. Find a core or succumb to the greatest of astronomical absurdities. Newell's only recourse was to count the holes in a fit of madness. And there were millions of them. Reality, or what was left of it, was now the great

puzzle that he needed to piece together in the state of terror and the bizarre belief that he was not real. The following flows as it might have if gibberish made sense. Newell knew it at the time as it made more sense than the universal language of mathematics. Let go of meaning and the absurd is art. Let go of reason and the irrational is exalting.

The greatest mysteries in the world are the mysteries of the world. What it is and why it exists, or perhaps whether or not it exists at all. Death and the unconscious seem sacred shrines that shroud themselves in darkness. Only to be brought to light if Newell knew enough to find the heart beating beneath the solar eclipse of the soul. Deeper and deeper Newell descended into the background of what his eyes told him to be in front of his face. Another world of what he uncovered like an archeologist and his prehistoric fossils. He saw behind the curtain of mankind as the entrepreneur of his inner optics told him the story of his world within. A landscape of myth and magic where his emotions and imagination merged to create juxtapositions between waking life and the metaphysical reality of the Rome he built in his beliefs. But there was the other great mystery Newell's eyes were never told. Death might have been the unconscious or what suddenly slapped him across the face in a fit of madness so surreal his will could not endure the discipline of Earth. Newell didn't know if he was dead or unconscious. He couldn't differentiate between the two. In fact, they were both senseless.

Death is plainly defined as the cessation of life where one ceases to exist. The unconscious is plainly defined as lacking awareness or sensory information. The subliminal self is never revealed, nor is it ever

known, until it is made conscious. But when it becomes conscious it is no longer subliminal. So does it even exist? When someone leaves one room to enter another it is up for debate if the room is still there until it is once again within the scope of perception. Newell wouldn't know what to believe if he were unconscious and aware of the mechanics behind the curtain of creation while they were visible and invisible in a positive and negative existence. Like the gears of a clock turning the science of matter and motion, or the thesaurus of a word processor connecting one word with the entire English language – An underground beneath the universe. Being unreal to oneself in the theory of reality as it creates a cauliflower of realities gives cause to believe in the fantasy of fact. Nothing could possibly be real but what Newell could hold in his hands. And at this point he didn't have any. The truth is something sacred in the final frontier, and that is neither space nor time but unreality. Neither the ocean nor the atmosphere as the horizon binds them in the beauty of the rising sun shone light on the new day. But along the unknown avenue was the road of nonsense passing the point of no return. On such a jagged jargon lied the heart of what Newell uncovered.

If a small child visited Disney Land and followed Mickey Mouse backstage as he took off his outfit to reveal the face of a stranger might

the child think Mickey was the moon in a solar eclipse? Newell peered behind the curtain as if he was Immanuel Kant conceiving the controversial theory of the noumenal. It was a concept made like cement to Newell in the absence of the cement. And there was no evidence that one can know what they are unaware of unless they practice the posture of their mind in the act of pure reason. Newell always slept in an act of faith when he closed his eyes to the abyss of the bottom. He experienced the missing time of his soul in the shadows between his dreams. He never opened his eyes to see space and time, or what they might have been, or where they might have gone. Dreams cropped up from the noise of nothing, but there was no proof that it was there. Newell now knew where he went when he wasn't around. He drifted at night. Unto the horizon of the water like a sailing vessel rounding the earth. It was the act of faith when he closed his eyes. How it brought Newell to prepare his entire life for the final curtain of the unconscious. That it revealed what it was of its hungry eye. It wrote the role of reality during his life in the particular concept of such.

So began Newell's fall from the ledge. Or maybe it was the earth that was a sidewalk as he walked around the neighborhood of his hometown in a roundabout of children told not to wander too far. The street – A danger to cross without the guidance of a hand holding

Newell above the invisible asphalt or glass window unto the sewer system beneath the concept of civilization. Where the world pretended to be civil and imagined they were not part of the kingdom from which they were born. The animals share our features and our lust for life, but they never cared to create a system so screwy as to deny, or put to death, the heart beneath the dirt. What if the creature became conscious? What if lightning led the beast to invent the wheel and use it to taste the blood of progress in the name of God? What a wonderful tale one could tell if the animal kingdom knew better than to bother with the suicide of civilization. Perhaps they might be slaughtered for their bizarre belief that nature was all that was necessary. But Newell never wondered so much to build an Ark and serve the meek so they might inherit the earth. Christ hadn't humans in mind when he spoke of the kingdom to come here on our mother. That is another story, and Newell's dream to befriend the wild withered with his youth and the story of Noah. It seemed of small concern, as he was a cosmonaut on a street corner ready to leap like a frog. Newell was just another product from the production line of conception like any other creature with an instinct to survive. The commonality of the animal made Newell no more preferred in the final moment of the great voice summoning his soul. Had he been a horse he would know the same taste of this state. It

was certain the fundamental level of being he was about to receive was universal to every form of life that passed before him.

Such venture was among the outside of the island if only to take a step towards a dream. Newell knew the crosswalk was a golden road above the paved pity that man must have dreamt by reason of insanity. Across the road was the road to the other side unto every cause and effect that Newell could fathom from theory to theory and concept to concept. The bridge between what he knew and what he had never known was a dance across the garden of a great many Galileos. Their eyes were brought forth from the sun. The tight rope was a fallacy and the street was a liquid madness of molten memories where Newell might melt in the flow of fire forever and forget his name. There was no apparent ending but the thrashing thirst of the fall never being quenched between one side and the other. He walked around the neighborhood his entire life and seen society enough to know the grass was greener where the old man laid ready for death to come upon him like a hurricane and steal him of his final words. Newell knew to cross the kingdom was to heed the word. To know its power to be greater than the source, as he stepped into what happens when the cosmos creates its outrageous accidents.

The anguish of Newell's decent into the regression of reality, as if it was never happening, or perhaps never happened, lied nowhere in the language of reasonable thought. The essence of this entry – the entire fall from the construction of reality. It was built by the hands and minds of people over the course of human existence. It was too abstract to be brought to words. Words made the world impossible to understand. If Newell was an animal he was at home in the raging thought of surviving the hell of the hurricane. Not of earth where his will was broken. In the distance disappearing. What was real was a window of the universe. Falling from it as it vanished in the distance only to fall out of another window and forever reveal the weight of existence. Imploding upon the preposterous notion that Newell was a concept never born unto human understanding. More like an experience in-between the spaces of duration they didn't exist. And such was meaningless noise in the snow of a television set. When the chaos began to create images of life everything was connected to everything else. Newell's fall from the fountain of fire left him to set a blaze the whole of existence in one raw eye against the reality of a watery rock. Of course that doesn't make much sense. A theoretical language of nonsense took his heart across the street. He never made it to the other side. The experience was such that it can not be explained

in the same sense that a sober mind can understand. So it reads as it was experienced – That a psychotic may have a voice while in a state of psychosis.

Imagine the horror of an abstract eternity where an ordinary thought becomes too obscure to understand. Imagine someone taking that thought forever never knowing what he or she is thinking. Damned to misunderstand the "I" that echoes the plague of the preposterous. This was the sum of the experience. Newell found he was in a world that made no sense of his senses as the free fall was forever. The absurd was more painful than the process of birth. Being in a strobe light of positive and negative worlds where he felt the feeling of plunging into the poetry of space. A black hole swallowing life itself and erasing light from existence. Newell could not comprehend that he was watching the rise and fall of the universe. God never planned a human to realize so much so soon. Nor so much forever. Every revelation was a drop to the bottom where the floor gave way to another fall. Newell had the sense to see it happening at the same time when it wasn't, which made it all the more excruciating to experience. It was the eternal death – Neither dying nor becoming manifest. Like sitting in a waiting place and looking down upon birth. Newell was born unto an infinite series of abortions. In such a time

frame of eternal damnation Newell experienced the sensation of a spiral always appearing to be moving forward but never reaching the end. What hell punishment may be when suddenly he opened his eyes as he crashed like the cross stabbing the earth. Newell was left with no recollection of life or theory of existence.

So much for the great detective until he opened his eyes to the unknown. Where his new adventure was like swimming on the ocean floor. Suddenly Newell was in a place where pressure prevents someone from voyaging without the aid of a mechanical eye. Perhaps he had a better chance at understanding the language of this land in a second attempt to solve the combinations of creation. What heaven may be to one who has a second chance. That God may exist in the heart of he who is given the mystery again. But such mystery was now the mind as it may have been theorized to be a blank slate. Every impression creating the dynamics of life. Yet under the suspicion that something greater planted the seeds of the design. Life at the bottom was alien indeed. Newell knew his vision to venture where entities of energy were curious in the absence of what he once remembered life to be. The abyss, or the art of an island in the middle of a dream. It was full of networks like a circuit board when you look outside the window of a plane at night and gaze at the cities below. But Newell was lying

down. Gazing at the ceiling of the sky. There was an upside down world of neural networks and celestial cathedrals of light. An entire civilization of lemmings that were energy-based processes of thought creating castles in the sky. Of which gave Newell his first set of eyes. And eyes were weird to say the least. Exactly what sight was - Newell made love to light for the first time in the history of his existence. But he could not quite remember precisely when it began. Only that he suddenly knew something. And it was light. Such is the essence of life. The means by which he traveled through time to see what wonder waits in the origin of time itself. But by some respect Newell knew. He arrived here faster than he could comprehend. Unreality was not bound by the limit of a star talking to matter among the expanse of the universe. Unreality was stupid, as Einstein might suggest the difference between genius and stupid. It was without limits traveling faster than light in the nonsense of eternity. Here Newell was real or so it seemed light and the language of it all made sense of being in the essence of such. Give an artist light and he can create the vision from which such weightless joy exists. Give a desk a candle and the writer can create scripture to mesmerize the entire human race.

What Newell now knew was first and foremost a system. Albeit a newborn's gaze from the crib at the toys hanging from the heavens.

Though there seemed there were no parental units to have conceived of this birth. This was just Newell and the order of a new society. Simply the lights dancing in display across the stretch of the ceiling. The things an infant might recognize…Form, shape, color and motion. The basic structure of sight while the organization of his optics had begun its ballet through the new found concept of time and space. These ideas where like a song played by the pleasure of the piano. Gently tapping on the keys in a sequence that formed the theory of numbers counting through a tunnel of beautiful melodies. The notes were made fresh like the first breath of fire from the sky in the history of this brief bolt of lightning we call the world. This was the realm within the heart of Newell when he knew nothing but the basic principles of his part in the play of creation. Just the night, and the novelty of thought, as pure as the process of bees making honey in their home above his head. Newell was home beneath the heart of the civilization that sang with the voice of sight. But more was above, or even beyond, the haunted roof of the sky where gravity was reversed logic. Yet it was softer than the moon, and more like a feather floating from the wing of a dove. Newell fell again, as he did when the absurd had held him hostage. But now he was falling towards the angels in the hierarchy of heaven. A sense to take hold of like lovers coming together after being apart in their

dreams of each other.

Newell began an upward river while drawing upon the noise of an advanced society. They, or the entities of thought, talked in tongues and brain wave frequencies that seduced a rhythm between the two hemispheres of Christmas light seesaws and creative mathematics. A language - One in the origin of design set forth upon the raw skin of the cerebral reborn. Newell hadn't a name or an idea of the signs used to create a hierarchy of thought. This was a pure process without the sin of a preconceived notion of convention, or the reality known when looking at life through the many schematics of past impressions. Even the filters of an inherited mind with the archetypes of situation were yet to be built by the origin of design. The organ of thought in its pure pulsation of a self-contained kinetic energy was pre-existent to the patterns of higher functioning. Newell's adventure was from before the womb to accumulate the collection of knowledge needed to be born beyond being. From the fundamental in its most primitive state of joy, thought was a wonder to behold. Unto the design of an advanced race more immaculate than Mary was the virgin thought of what might be told closer to the core and the complexity as it came within Newell's focus. Newell was to rise and so he rose like the steam of an evaporating moment. Each moment unfolded unto the brighter lights

and the laughing lightning.

Newell, not having a former life from which to base a theory of this new existence, imagined he was suddenly born with the wonder of an electric artery of aliens. Though they seemed as natural as a mother's milk. He hadn't a question in his mind about the nurturing process. Drifting closer to the core of the civilization the lights appeared in pulses as the process of establishing his sight began. Newell was now of his former body as opposed to the dissociated state before his eyes were given this glimpse of grandeur. The virgin might make love to the fire of Aphrodite. When he encountered a new creation for the first time he held it in his mind like a miracle of light. Like a bundle of pure energy pulsating with the pleasure of his optic senses. Newell knew his eyes were one with the creation of a design. Highly advanced patterns of energy with an aura of color that zigzagged complex schematics within them based a city upon the roof of the sky. As though basing the transference of a psychic element into the form of something structured. There was a map of reality. Civilization was quite possibly thought. Reality quite possibly alternating pulses of electricity creating a system of sky-scraping signals between object and subject. Newell could only focus on an entity and communicate within its organization for a short time as the light was blinding. He was in the process of

discovering the higher levels of life. As though his learning process was accelerated from that of birth to an adult. Newell began to comprehend the concepts that created the theory of life. And he began to learn quite quickly about the history of time itself. Schematic databases of thought were brilliant between him and the sky. But getting closer to the ceiling of civilization began to blind him. Newell knew he was being taught the fundamentals of his existence, but it was at such a rate that his flight to the fountain of the central processor of the city was melting his mind with a molten flow of facts. Such were fantasy upon the closer inspection of this force. This thing they called the truth.

Newell's ascent grew from the fascination of our universe's history. What we know, and can comprehend, to that of the madness of alien life. What accelerated entities of a cosmic conscience had developed as their concepts of creation. Newell learned the fundamental language of a higher education at a very rapid rate. But suddenly he began to learn the fundamental language of an alternate education that was a star distant from the earth blinding him with the gibberish of electric nonsense. The closer he came to touching the sky the more he saw within the central network. It was what transmitted the source of power throughout the circuitry. It was no more than a CPU that you might find in a computer, as if Washington DC was that

simple. But it orchestrated the madness that he came to know more intensely with the sound of ringing in his ears. As though he was over stimulated with the encounter of a brilliant world of lights. Ready to burst into a song so surreal it might crush the drums of his ears. Until he bled to death with the sun shouting fire into his face.

Newell had now returned to the age of an adult in his ability to grasp complex concepts of life, and what life was. Whether life was at all. The education he might receive with a university level degree in existence was accelerated in a matter of moments. He came closer to the core and theory of society. Not many people receive an education in existence, and the irony of such was whether it existed. Newell was taught the great conundrums of the great construction. To question and to compose. To dismantle and construct. The necessary elements of the elephant that might remember how to visit a drunk in his hallucination began to haunt the hidden rooms of Newell's understanding. But nothing was taught of his particular life. That was small in comparison to the lesson of the eye in its need for basic principles to be inherited from the beginning of his new birth. The questions a child might ask and the questions of puberty. The responsibility of an adult and the ethics of a good life were all brought to being. Unfortunately, Newell's actual life was something he didn't

quite comprehend. Or perhaps it was not necessary for this piece of the puzzle.

As Newell drew closer and closer to the core of this creation he created a hierarchy of thought to understand himself in relation to the cosmic conscience. But he was not prepared to touch the secret of the stars with one close encounter. Newell began to become overwhelmed by the energy. As if he was suddenly racing against gravity like a rock with feathered wings. He reached into the violence of the upside down volcano and began to scream for the flow of thought to stop. Newell was given the mystery twice and the language that complicated it made it enough to wonder what the hell he was actually thinking about. From a beginning before time he peaked to the position of a full-grown man. It was all in a matter of moments. Unreality dismantled reason. It was this reality that established a foundation from which to reason. But thought, as intense as the condensed can of creation was, was still more than Newell could handle. He had to find a quiet place to contemplate exactly who or what he was. It was a matter of seconds before he ripped the central nerve of the city from the circuitry of what hell it had become.

Newell conquered his quest to rebuild his brain. Civilization

was still too abstract for him to be systemized as an entity of energy, and an ant in its arms. The intensity of the rapid rate and the language itself, like an ongoing thought round the river of the sun. The violence of a deadly exposure, it was enough to lose anyone in the absurd. So what lied beyond the haunted roof of the sky…perhaps Newell had the answer as he was taken into a tunnel of decisions. From one moment there are an infinite number of possibilities in every direction. The universe is overflowing with so much activity in every cause and effect possibly imaginable that the full potential of the brain would burst an entity into oblivion. Had it the sight to fathom the limitless lust at work in the onslaught of omnipresence. Newell saw every alternative before him. He followed his heart in a direction towards himself, as a fish might swim upstream in the natural order of events. Upon the intuition of his guiding eye Newell was taken with the tide of tomorrow. The moon with her majestic hold upon the sea saw. The river of another revolution rising like a generation with the new ideals of another world. Newell vanished from the day as though another kiss had caressed his train of thought. He never stopped to think to forget to think again, but this was fantasy and so much more real than reality. He was educated with the unreality of his role to take him to the harbor of his history. Be it a figment like the future his weight was growing

weird like the wonder of a mirror without a memory. The language of it all – he had to find a sanctuary of thought from which to think. A sober mind needed to hear his thoughts and not confuse them with a stranger to the system.

THE RIDDLE OF THE ROOM

Newell came to the decision to learn a recognizable language. One that might touch upon reality more clearly to speak the surreal with a sense of sobriety. He awoke and found himself situated in a room. From the floor looking above, and not quite like any other room. At first he didn't know how he had arrived, and he certainly didn't know where he was. But what Newell knew of things in his education of existence was now what appeared to be a closed system of nature. Or so he quickly arrived at the conclusion. The room didn't seem to have a door, as he quickly glanced around and caught the eye of an odd but vague image of a being sitting still at the opposite end. This entity was massive in comparison to the clay of Newell. He needed to absorb his surroundings before he made contact that quickly. The circular shape of it all with a large dome protecting the prison gave Newell reason to believe this new system was a cycle. As he stood he was in awe of the size of the chamber. Looking above at the ceiling of the dome there were paintings or figures of women.

There were five of them and each a representative of one of the five senses. While Newell was looking up upon them they became animated in a sequence like a dream might speak in the clear voice of the unconscious. Dreams do tell tales clear on occasion. A symbol might organize an entire array of chaos in the complexity of the personality and the theory of thought. Each woman was magnificently designed as an object of art. Each projected the sense that they held unto. The woman of the eye was the first to transfer an image of her movement dancing like a ballerina as the eye might see. The woman of the ear was the second to send a sound of her voice gently singing with the heart of a sparrow. The woman of touch reached for Newell with her hand gently caressing his cheek and tantalizing his skin. The woman of smell sent a perfume from the cloud she held within her hands that intoxicated Newell's knowledge of femininity. The woman of taste gave Newell the sensation of strawberries as sweet as the first taste of fruit on the tongue. They were beautiful as sacred works of illustration might be on the ceiling of a chapel. There was something arousing about the way they were formed that made Newell feel his heart long to be enveloped by the garden of sensation. Each was frozen like a still life might be on an artist's canvas. But interactive like the multimedia of a computer when he came to focus on the wheel of their

intercourse. What Newell wondered was whether they were more than the introduction of his spirit in a material plane. More than simply sensation, but also speaking something hidden in between the lines. The sexuality of the women suggested something stimulating about his desire to arrange them into a single siren. A woman that might call him to wash her feet while he lost his sense of reason in the riddle of the room. It was imperative that he stay in touch with the floor and the beautiful tiles that were grounded by gravity. Newell was touched deeply by perception as it existed in a sensual combination of the senses. And what better than the gift of women to plant the seeds of this human element like nails of lust in the language of his body. Imagine making love to one woman in a psychedelic state. Each sense separated from the other while all working together to create a kaleidoscope of different women. As they mesmerize the mind and awaken the desire to share intimacy like a dream. Newell knew his body to be massaged in every direction, but that they might tease. Leaving him longing for a woman so surreal that his senses might swim in a bath of an erotic ecstasy.

Newell noticed that it was also as though time was a base five numerical system while the women created a design that reminded him of a clock. Each woman spoke her sense to him in a cycle as if a hand

had been rotating from the center of the dome. Just as if something was hidden between the lines. The room was of course a cycle without a beginning and without an end. Exactly when time began was in question and always has been. Like the spokes of a wheel, they moved in sequence but neither came before the other. It was the wheel itself set in motion. Newell wondered whether it was he who initiated time as he was born unto the eternity of a cosmic revolution. Round and round the room was constructed to appear as a viscous circle. Descartes was accused of such a heinous crime in the history of philosophy. But the viscous circle…it might speak something in and of itself.

Newell now had a fundamental understanding of communication and he received blueprints from his past experience with the entities of light and energy. They educated him about the theory of the theory itself. What else was it but the world of words pretending to be right about something sacred that is truly out of reach? But words were needed to make us think we exist and Newell, in his encounter with the civilized landscape of light, knew structure to come upon him like psychic imprints of what language was. From infancy to a university level degree he was still a stranger to the system. He did not know what he needed to do. Within this particular puzzle that might have been pre-existent to the experience of birth. But

Newell did receive his education and though he had no idea about the particulars of his personal life he had an idea about the particulars of everything else. He knew he was in a situation where his intellect needed to be called into action in order to solve the mystery of what was before him. The room was interesting and almost larger than life, but it wasn't a world with which he could live within and be content. It was a holding place. Perhaps it was where existence becomes aware of itself yet not quite sure how to take on its form. Someone or something sent Newell, and if he was here it was for a reason. Maybe he could give being a better name.

Newell was certainly taken by the structure of this reality as if he stood like a child within one of the great cathedrals he had witnessed from the building blocks of his brain. It was a curious place to be stranded in when he came to the decision to master the language of being born. He heard a voice come forth from the figure. That odd dream of a character held the riddle of the room and contact was carried like an echo across the vast expanse of what Newell wondered was a womb. "Tis a tangled web you weave my friend" Said the figure with a voice as sonic as certainty itself. Newell had glanced at the being when he first awoke but his head was in the clouds with the wonder of women. Now he had a clear picture of who he was. Or who he

appeared to be in form. He wasn't quite human or what Newell understood such a being to be constructed of, as he was more like a puzzle of parts. Two arms, or forearms to be exact. Not actually connected to the rest of him, but situated in front of his head. One forearm was standing like a monument and in its hand it held a large eyeball open to everything within the world of reason. The other forearm rested on the ground and in its hand it held a feathered pen. It appeared to Newell that he was working on some type of journal, as a book lay open with a hidden alphabet. The head of the man was curious, as it was but a neck protruding from the floor with a face without features. He didn't actually have a face or any means of sensing. There was simply the input and output of the eye in his hand and the pen in the other. On top of his head grew a large apple tree, and though the apples appeared to be fruit at first glance they were eyeballs as well. The hand seemed to select from the tree and choose an idea at random. Perhaps this was to create a schematic of thought from which to write. The man was curious because Newell could place him somewhere familiar but not recognize him at all. It was almost as if all of this happened before. Also, the man had no means of getting into the room and no means of getting out. Newell had no idea how long the figure had been here or if he knew about unreality and the civilization

of kinetic energy. Newell wasn't even quite sure if he was a man. But according to history and the writing that filled its space "He" is quite an infamous character. Maybe Newell was actually meeting "He." The hidden man in literature. He seemed to be very busy at writing in his journal. Of course Newell wanted to know what he meant about the web Newell was apparently weaving. But first Newell needed to ask. It only seemed polite. "Are you He?" Newell asked like a long lost stranger to life. A laugh came from somewhere in the area of the figure's face as if he didn't need a mouth to be funny. He just said, "You can call me Face. It's what I truly want."

Newell knew he was supposed to pick the brain of this quaint character. Face was quite colorful and unlike any creature Newell could imagine. Massive to stand before as well, Newell almost confused him with God, or perhaps a God. But such a being couldn't possibly be poking his head in a closed system of nature. The rule of this reality seemed surreal enough that it could happen, and there was something curious about a tree on top of the head of Face. Newell couldn't place it exactly, but he was here for knowledge. That much he knew for sure. He had to do something if he wanted to break free from the palace of this prison. A dialogue with the enigma of human form, as it appears in a state of confused construction, was now Newell's only means of

exercising the imagination he needed to solve the secret alphabet Face seemed so passionate about writing.

They began to talk for a while and upon further inspection Newell discovered that Face was busy being brought forth from the essence of form. He was trying to invent himself without a blueprint to put him together. Just bits and pieces of necessary parts and it seemed he and the room, along with the women of the five senses, all could be arranged into a design. If Newell was the artist he had been before the beginning of his new being he might recreate it. Perhaps he had the puzzle in front of him and there were but a few adjustments to the working order of this womb. Face seemed the matrix of the metaphysical. And Newell was curious about the fact that he actually didn't have a face. As they were talking Face told Newell he was writing a book about his life and how he came to be one with the viscous circle of the room. Newell was suddenly captivated as though he had followed the footsteps into the solitary life of a figure that thought and created in hieroglyphics as well as words. The alphabet of the book did not appear to be anything Newell could recognize or make sense of. The work of Face would not be revealed. He had other plans for Newell and another way to explain what he was doing with his life. Of course Newell wanted the easy answers, as if to read his work was

enough to understand it. Newell began to wonder if he was ever going to solve the mystery of this figure and his mammoth room. Newell had places to go and people to see. He wasn't a detective and never truly wanted to do this. What good was a book with the language of the absurd? Newell's frustration began to mount with the nonsense he knew in unreality. He had to get out of yet another puzzle, but didn't quite seem to understand that he was the most important piece. Suddenly Face said in an assuring voice that reason was right, "I can not share everything about myself for fear you may see me and think I am your mirror. But the mirrors on the wall…they are for your reflection."

Newell was suddenly excited. He had been given a better idea of what to do and didn't notice the three mirrors forming an imaginary triangle throughout the empty space of this place. But by reflection he didn't know exactly what Face meant. His database of knowledge was equipped with the definition of reflection, but that was rather vague. Newell wasn't sure if it was his own personal reflection or the reflection of things surreal as it seemed he was in such a reality where dreams were truths upon the triangle and what three might represent. Striving towards something or not yet complete in appearance. Three held such significance. Newell wondered what he might reflect upon given the number three, and whether the triangle had a hidden point. Perhaps it

was truly a diamond in the center of the circle. A star in the sky, waiting to round the circumference of a sphere and shine its light on the secret alphabet of the book. Newell knew reflection in any form was something that was worth the time it took to ponder his core. But of his personal history, he was hesitant to know. Newell might uncover something about himself that he didn't like. But he did quickly surmise he was here to put himself together if the mirrors held the promise of his former life. And if he uncovered something greater…might he be the being to give such essence a new name. His purpose was manifesting itself as the riddle of the room and the riddle of his name.

THE BROKEN LADDERS

The mirrors were fluid like a dream about a river and all the energy of the mind's emotion. The triangle of the mirrors connected them on the left and right of the room while one was behind Newell as well. They were tall and oval in shape, encompassing his entire body. In order, Face explained the sequence of the triad and the first was the left as Newell stood before the massive mountain of the voice that proclaimed his power over Newell's personal history, "Newell, the meaning of your memory…we will need to discuss this. The first mirror is of a time in your life when you were a stranger to yourself. You may become so engrossed in the reflection that your soul will lose sense of me. You may forget I exist and this place may become a dream you can't remember. Reality, as it exists now and as it exists in reflection will be separate. You will not know the authenticity of here and there, but only what you experience in the moment. To remind you that I exist while you are lost in reflection I will give you a sign while

you are reliving an event. This will remind you when it is time to return to me and bring back a part of your personal history. I will not specify a sign, but you will notice it to be an anomaly in the natural order of your memory. In other words, it will not belong in the reality of the memory you experience. More like a grand design of something from your imagination to reveal the memory is not truly happening, but being remembered. I wish you luck. This may be difficult."

Newell was extremely apprehensive at this point. Being difficult in what way he was not quite certain. He really didn't care to uncover something about himself that he did not want to know. And of course he did not want to lose touch or vanish between the here and there of this place and his reflection. Exactly what was meant by a sign or grand design from his imagination was a mystery. But Newell surmised his life held something frightening or perhaps a prison of pain with no means of escape. Damned to remember throughout the viscous circle of insanity. Hopefully the sign might shed light on the reason of reality and the stranger he might see in his reflection. The mammoth mouth of this room didn't have an opening. Newell didn't want to live like the odd entity of faceless features writing a book with an alphabet of silly symbols and signs. There had to be a way to make sense of this all. The women of the five senses created a theory of time in the closed system of nature. While a Godhead poked his colossal character into the sphere of the world set in motion. The mirrors were windows outside of the system. If solving the lesson of what he might learn from them Newell might remember who he was, and possibly solve the system at the same time, than his purpose was pleasure, be it painful or not. But a triangle, that was a two-dimensional pyramid. It simply pointed to the stars. Now a diamond, that was brilliant in the night. Something

shining in the heavens might connect the Four Corners of the world. Newell first decided to set his sights on solving himself. The system was screwy enough to make an animal run wild through the woods. If Face wanted features he needed to wait for Newell to find his own.

Newell took off to find the adventure of his life situated somewhere in the first looking glass. He was warned it to be a challenging experience and so he set off for the mountain. Like a car ready to smash into a wall he was a crash test dummy when the mirror reminded him he was like a plug in a socket. An electrified spine in the theater of the mind, Newell began like a bullet shattering the glass and making memory more real than reality. Looking into the first mirror, or actually being absorbed by the virtual world of his former life, Newell was suddenly terrified of the way he perceived himself. He was young. Maybe eighteen or so. But not simply the age of his years, much younger in appearance, like a teenager still wondering if he would ever become a man. Visibly shaken and not at all what he thought he might have been like. He saw himself in his room as he was suffering from a nervous breakdown after smoking a fair amount of Mother Nature. Drugs served Newell for some time only to shatter the mirror like a bullet blazing from the weapon of his choice. Whatever delusion he wanted from the fire was fine so long as it didn't set his parent's house a

blaze. It wasn't simply marijuana, but the beast of brain damage in the past use of his other poisons as well. Now he was a raging machine of a mind that was like a war waging on his sense of reason and creating a chess match out of the imaginary pieces of pain. Fighting things he could not see. Or things he could have sworn he saw. Like eyes out of his sockets what sight was when he was stoned. He saw the crusade of meaning lose itself in the invisible hallways of his haunted mansion where the doors might be, or they might not.

Newell quickly began to recall the things that tormented him at the time. He was involved with the wrong people, as drugs do keep the acquaintances of the dead. Empty eyed individuals that had an alibi for every crime they could ever commit. Newell wasn't sure he could keep up with the fast times of falling from the sky like a rock ready to crater a reputation in reality. He felt so alone among the muck of monsters he once thought were his friends. The parties were once fun and life was a joke. But Newell was truly a frightened child when he tasted the street grinding his teeth. Life wasn't the laugh in a world of adults ready to hang him for the honesty of his heart. He was growing into the artist he was born to be, and as the saying goes, he was never one of the guys. His sense of self went through a metamorphosis, which was more in love with philosophy and what a shaman might be after being blinded

by the light that Plato might preach in the coming from the cave. He had this unique experience that he could not explain and it seemed he knew joy within to such a degree that he gazed to long into the heart of the sun. It changed his personality to such an extreme that he was no longer with the world the way they knew him to be. This experience that he could not touch with his modest mind was the most magical fifteen seconds of his life. Of which left him detached from his sense of self with no clues to lead him to understand what it was that was going on around him. Newell was besieged by the mass confusion of getting older where his will had to harden. Friends, or the people he once knew them to be, were going to prison. Newell had been known to talk in the past before he took off to find his home in the heavens. Far away from the reality checks that were in every direction. And of course his family was busy being a reality check in and of itself. His parents were always on the verge of divorce and the fighting was a nightmare that was brought into the open for the first time. Newell was awakening in life. Becoming conscious of the world around him. It was not what he recognized as he was growing up. There was a false sense of security keeping his sense of self above the raging river of time. It was as if the unconscious perfection of childhood had lasted much too long for Newell. All at once he was in the reality of a hurricane where he did not

know anything about the world he had always lived in. Life wasn't a dream to Newell as it was for so long. The fantasy of this great comedy ended like the death of Christ. They laugh at the God stuff, but the crucifixion…it wasn't that funny. Or at least Newell seemed to sense himself close to the cross.

Newell panicked in the process of his high or what might be an event that accumulated too many events. He felt the frozen field of a fire running through his veins and he took off like the wind. He didn't need a special place to go and he thought he could escape himself, but reality was everywhere. He was not welcome in the third dimension. He was a character that he might create in his art like a cartoon. If only he could make cartoons conscious. Funny he might have thought, if it wasn't so damn real. And Newell wasn't real to himself so it didn't matter if the truth was a lie. The world might have ended and humanity may not even have noticed. It could be the greatest truth on earth and humanity will never believe it. So who really cared? Newell just left. Just like that. Threw a few things in a backpack and walked out the door. As if the door was death. It was a casual goodbye. Newell got aboard the mass transit system of madness and so began the street like a knife into the pumpkin of perception.

With a ticket to Arizona Newell reached as far as Indiana before he ran out of money for food. He was scared to death of the world and he decided to take a ride through it thinking there would be something better in the desert. As if he could live on insects and cactus plants he imagined it would be simple. He could be a prophet, as such were the brilliant Baptists of the Bible. Maybe it was best to go off into the wild and eat the dust of death on the plate of paradise. The world of wisdom wasn't with the talking tongues of the five senses and the funny features of their faces. It was with the sky at night open like a book without the constraints of language. These things, these people…They complicated Newell and his perception of events. They even went as far as to complicate his perception of himself. He wanted the life of a hermit. He wanted reality to be a complete puzzle where he was one with himself and the world around him. The world as it was in the origin of time that is. The cosmic conscience serves the cosmos, never the world at hand, or the world we need to know to survive. The trip was torture through the most ravaged minds of the street. Just sitting on the bus Newell thought he was mad, but the population…they were monstrosities made by the system. Born and bread to breed bullets from their eyes and torture from their tongues. Look the wrong way or make a sudden move in a habitat of the most wanted runaways from reality.

Newell thought the thought itself was enough to petrify him in the prison before each passing moment.

When Newell ran low on money for food he had but a couple of dollars to his name. From the greyhound to greet the corporate clown. He walked for miles for some fast food. Wearing his leather jacket, hair a mess and wavy, he wandered into a town with the scent of a zoo radiating from the wreck of his heart. The food was free. The person behind the counter took such pity on this refugee from conventional reality. Newell was beneath the broken bridge above the river of a raging flood and he past the point of no return. A Western Union and a phone call to his father might solve the situation only for the hope of going home again where there was really nothing but an ashtray of memories. Newell's father loved him a great deal despite the many problems they had. And of course he was more than happy to welcome Newell home as he told him to take it easy, but he didn't quite know what was driving Newell to the graveyard of grinding gears. Newell needed to know himself, in more ways than one. He was now an official adult. In the sense that he left the unconscious perfection of childhood and dragged himself through the mud and shame of the street. Where he would return home branded by the community as an outcast. A coward, and a freak, for fleeing from his responsibility to be a stand up

guy when he had no other way to leave that life behind. People planted a root of stone in the earth of his soul and he never had the means to face the world without the protruding plant of poison punished on his forehead. Newell arrived, but without a sense of the significance he set fire to, or so they imagined his crime was more than the mistake that he made in his head. It sure looked as if he was suspect of something serious even if he didn't quite get what went wrong with the life that led them to such a perception of himself. Why indeed…And what if he forgot to bring something with him and never brought it back? People speak of murder as the greatest mystery on earth. Newell never knew why one hand stabbed the other with the fury of a fate tangled like the time it never really happened. Or did it?

Thanksgiving came shortly after Newell's excursion from himself and he never understood the person people perceived him to be when he returned. Andrea was heartbroken and no longer knew Newell enough to be competent as a mother. Newell's father was very loving and kind, but no one else truly welcomed him back. During dinner his cousins joked about him and his sexuality, as it was another topic up for debate while Newell was invisible in the world in which he once knew to be safe and secure. He was a piece of meat like the turkey as they stabbed it with their forks and knives trying to kill an already dead

carcass. As Newell relived the shame he felt at thanksgiving he suddenly saw something come forth from his reflection as he gazed too long into the eye of a spoon. It was just a stupid utensil and like a light bulb blazing in front of his face – The grand design of some greeting from the garden. It was where a Goddess was a ghost and a woman of the wheel, like a haunting from heaven come to beckon into the comfort of her cave. Suddenly Newell remembered. It was an anomaly in the normal course of nature, as if there was an extra step to be taken to break the cycle of insanity that had him reliving this event of malfunction for all eternity. She spun the room in such a light that reminded him of his lust for life. Newell was drawn to her as if a whisper from a lover was caressing his ear. The stranger Newell perceived himself to be was lost in love for the moment and what wasn't so strange was the way the wheel was wonder in the oblivion of it all. Back to life, or what was real in the Face of fantasy.

Nothing was discussed when Newell returned to the room. Face was busy picking apples from the tree on top of his head and writing passages in his journal. Newell was kept in the dark about the secret alphabet of Face's features. But Face kept finding material from which to write and words would come with the thought of Newell looking back upon the life he left behind. Newell had some sense of what he once was or who he might have been. But he couldn't quite create his character. There were millions of missing pieces and what a strange life he lived to be caught up in the chaos of such disillusion. The meaning of his memory – well, that was a cloud passing through the sky. Of course there is the camera, but the inner eye of an individual filters everything with a world of what may or may not exist. Only to Newell was a memory a matter of the mirror as it shone who he put inside it at the time. The cycle of the room might circle around the revolution of reality until that reflection is a perfect representation of a Christ character. By the Christ figure Newell realized he could relive the repetition of the three mirrors and the meaning of each of their memories forever until he became the perfection of the personality. Or perhaps he could become the individualized entity of eternity as immortal as the man who carried the cross to the completion of the human character. Newell was unsure of the anomaly and who on the

alien earth she was. Face would not speak and was busy writing as if he was getting a great story from Newell's need to find his own features. She was the woman of the wheel or so Newell saw her as the center of the ceiling making every sense combine into a complete character. The pyramid pointed to the stars and Newell wondered what need be done to complete the cross and make her love a reality. Newell was coming closer to creating the cosmos in what seemed to be a pre-existent theory of life itself.

REPAIRING THE RUNGS

The second mirror stood between Newell and the third. Perhaps only to return to the first and create a triad in the name of the Father and the sign of the cross. Face was curious with the craft of his eyeballs creating the schematics of his journal. Exactly what he was writing… Newell might never know. What lay hidden in the second mirror could reveal a clue to the silence of the work that had now begun in the world of the room and the order of the clock as it was ticking away for all eternity. Work was the way of keeping busy while bearing the burden of never ending the stages of Christ and his final mile among the shame of who they thought he was. Never planting the sword into the earth and letting it grow the resurrection of something new in the world, but crucified like the clock in a repetitive insanity. Might there be something different than the text of the New Testament reaching a massive audience around the world. The scripture held the power of what was an ordinary spell cast by creatures that happened to have a

very high fever when they were playing with the wilderness of words. Only madness spreads like madness throughout the time capsule of so many centuries. Newell saw Face and of him fire. Writing something beyond the boundary of the Bible. How absurd for features to unfold greater than that of the human form. Only the light of Lucifer could make the illusion of such light a matter of meaning to prevail over the centuries of cement where the world of words would once again conquer the crazy with the Christ of language. Imagine his own words written from the heart of his own hand. Face was working on something so insane Newell didn't know what appearance the apple of his eye would form in the theory of the system. He knew only to solve the situation of the triad and seek out the reflection of his own face for the sake of saving himself from insanity. The woman of the wheel was more than mesmerizing and Newell knew she meant something as the anomaly that merged the world of the two truths of fantasy. Perhaps she was an answer. What an anomaly indeed that life might actually have something so insane in the reality of its riddle.

Newell heard Face from the forest of his eyeballs as he stopped to guide the next reflection of Newell's new person. As though each aspect of an individual is a separate entity surrounded by the stranger whose mask might be worn to master the memory of a million people. Newell was directed to the next mirror as Face simply said, "I'd like to be here forever, but I don't want to be the nightmare of the night without the consummation of the sun. Shine on me when you reason your reflection, or let it never end. Death is a certainty to those that die, but might a cycle be the will when it is broken before the final act of faith. The hell of this all is as dangerous as a dream. Will you let it reflect upon you in a tragedy of your eyes without finding a solution to save you?" Back to writing and picking apples from the tree. Face was finding features, and Newell began to see something. Newell couldn't quite put his finger on the former life of his alien existence to make much sense of the earth as he saw it from the sun.

Newell charged the second mirror like a Christian hungry for hell in the condemnation of the lion's den. He didn't stop to see anything or care what he might find in front of his face or what he might find to be his face. As long as the end was drawing near and the puzzle of people he seemed to be could be put together to create an identity in the ordinary sense of being. The normality of common sense

was worth something at one point in time before the rise of the room and the unreality that placed such a palace on the ceiling of the sky. Now it was as if Newell already became one with the reality of reflection and he was back in his life like a bolt of lightning striking him to the ground. Suddenly he could not tell where he was but there were roughly seven to eight people tackling him to the floor as he burst into tears. "I don't want to go back there!" he cried. His pain was so enormous as he was trapped beneath what appeared to be the security of a hospital that he began to laugh. The only escape from the claws of a situation that brought him to hate authority was the divine comedy of thinking life was the illusion that it was. And wasn't it at this point? Not as though the point of no return had been put in the distance with the dying age of the living dead, but when someone is a number in the compound of the Nazi tea party they don't go back to earth an earthling. They arrive like Achilles with the wrong foot forward no matter what door the day might present. And doors might never again open unless Newell designed a castle and created his destiny out of the thin air of improbability.

Newell gained total recall of the events that lead him to this point. He was in a psychiatric hospital and he soon remembered when he checked in thinking this was the place where people cared about

someone's problems. He was wrong. After being brought to his knees by the primates of the prison it was obvious that he could not cope with the unit that he was previously on. Newell didn't belong in a detox unit where people with criminal minds where coming off of heroin. Once again Newell was a stranger to himself and the people that should have cared. Especially his family, who were too busy reading the obituaries. Everyone was waiting their own turn to taste the torture of tomorrow and the weather man's wisdom of prophecy gone bad in the modern age of the machine. Yet they never fell face first into the newspaper and all of the horror of the mind when it abandoned itself to print people like the rain. No one remembered when the sun shone on the new day. A period of mourning and a slate of stone with a few words to say this was never really here. What it was that vanished into the vacuum of the serpent's venom…might it be the monster itself erased from the wreckage of existence? His hungry hell but an illusion like the wind that wraps around the trunk of a tree. Existence – Like a fable of fantasy with its beautiful beginning, the madness of its middle, and the final sentence wrapping around the reality of the end. How it rows through the river to close the case on the mystery of the mind. The mind like nonsense. Simply absurd.

Family was never as important to Newell as his need to

surrender to something that they didn't understand. Andrea was furious with him for even checking into the hospital, as this was a shame upon the family. His father tried to be supportive but claimed he was making all the wrong moves in life. Theodore knew that to live was to place your pawns upon the path and conquer the king. Life was strife and the art of war. On so many levels and more importantly in the spiritual realm one need be mindful of the matters that surround every situation and create the proper positions to defend and control the four squares of success. Theodore didn't understand what went haywire with Newell's game and why the rules of chess had become so abstract. Life was an adventure through an alien existence when Newell was taught to play according to the laws of nature. Newell just wanted help, but thinking he would receive a miracle by confessing his sins to the priests of the profession was a light at the end of the tunnel like a train come to condemn him for life. It was his official diagnosis and his marriage to the mental health system. Not quite what he was hoping for as he was placed in a unit for the severely depressed and those who were too psychotic to be trusted in the civilized world of advanced apes.

When Newell entered the unit he received a wonderful relief from reality. It was a very powerful sedative that let him sleep his cares and worries away for what seemed to be a heavenly peace. Perhaps

paradise was the pleasure of the warden's pardon from the prison of the Four Corners. Newell woke up the next morning and he felt safe, but wasn't sure what mole was mining these holes for him to follow in the fortune of such a fate. Treasure, be it the brutal comedy of the cosmos was golden like the God of the guitar and how Hendrix might swing an ax and wonder if it was tomorrow or the end of time. Newell didn't care about the world outside and he didn't even care that he was in the far reaches of the wrong circuits letting an electric sentence spell the sewer system of Satan. There were very few people on earth that ever dared to venture to the sound of nonsense making music so beautiful it blinded with a blade. Quite a few characters surrounded Newell's daily life where he almost felt fine about never returning to society. The mind was a maze and the reality that the men and women of the order orchestrated had a light that only few saw from time to time. Given the proper pieces to see through the dark and reach the right summit. Like a radar for a sense to reveal the sense of sight it was automatic pilot for the rest of the plot.

There was one man in particular on this unit and Newell could not escape the torment of his flesh on fire like a brain that was going berserk with the burden of the cartoon universe crushing the concept of the concept itself. Of course everything is a concept and quite

amusing when a cartoon comes to teach us something about death. Be it inevitable as the concept is considered such. Only as it is considered such, and hell may be the face of reality as it is a relative term when there are doors in every direction and no hope of keeping them closed. This man was a tall African American and most likely a Veteran of Vietnam as he wore his army fatigues. War is hell and the heart has no means to survive the sickness of screaming blood from the lungs of lunacy. Things seen and experienced are not meant to exist in the mind of men. A fist…It is not designed to punch. The bones are not built to be so brutal without breaking. Just as a man is not born or equipped to fight a war. The lovely love to start them easily enough, but D-Day goes against what a human is designed to comprehend without the shell shock of breaking the hand of humanity. But people punch people just the same. Like banging mankind's head against a wall. We have brain damage. This man's sense of humor was on fire with the madness of existence never ending in an eternal psychosis. "Bugs Bunny!" He would constantly say as he would laugh like a hyena. As though he could not escape the cartoon. Hold on to something because the rest was unbearable. Fate in its most ferocious form – The crazy rabbit kept annoying him with the many faces of cracking up. The man could barely breathe without the horror of his lungs and the sound of his

heart tormenting him to the point of needing a cartoon character to cope with the passing seconds of a world-without-end. Death was a certainty to those that died. But the reality of this…Newell might never understand. An ever-lasting imagination – Such was the result of the will never reaching the final act of faith. Broken like a memory in the exile of brain damage.

Newell was very young and though he suffered from mild forms of madness this man was like nothing he had ever seen or heard of before. Newell was always a stray in life. He never remembered his foundations and his sense of identity was always so weak that at the time he could have sworn that he was Bugs Bunny. He was the rascally rabbit that was the living hell of this man's mind. Yes, to bear the unbearable…It is what humans do. They laugh. But humor also had another role to play in the magnificent stage of the performing art. Newell might know eventually though he was naïve at heart and unaware of his part in finding this funny. Not that he laughed out loud, but the man was a character as crazy as the cartoon from which he was married to in an immortal sin. The smoking section was small, but held at least three people. Newell just came out and said, "I just want to have a cigarette. Are people truly as crazy as cartoons? What's up Doc? How

hilarious is hell when I have a bushy tail and a basket of eggs for Easter? I must be on the wrong planet." Newell wasn't born to be abusive, but he couldn't take the perception of his part in the play of his own torment tickling his tongue as though everyone was on acid and it was his turn to trip. A man sitting beside Newell, who appeared to be someone the world might hate for the crime of a killer said, "That was cold." Newell felt cold. Colder than he had ever felt in his life. He didn't have to care about the shackles of society, but he was lower than the bacteria you might find building on bread or fruit when you leave it out in the open. "I just want to die already. I'm so tired. Let me sleep in the dungeon of the hospital and fade away from the world." He thought to himself. He almost spoke it aloud as he looked up for a sign that he should hang himself in his room. Suddenly he remembered and there she was with her arms wide open like the sun. Spinning the birth of the wheel and the first innovation of invention as she beckoned him to the heavens. "What on earth does it mean? Why am I to dance with the light of day and the good of grace in the heart of hell?" He asked, when suddenly the mirror revealed itself and he was removed from the reflection like an infant from the bosom of its mother.

Face called Newell and asked him to explain why he thought he

relived that particular memory in the mirror. Newell wasn't sure, but he knew there were people that passed in his life who were tormented by things much greater than his small concerns. "Why do you think you did not feel sympathy for the man?" Face asked of Newell. Newell didn't want to answer. He didn't like the fact that his sense of self was so weak that he could not differentiate between the man's hallucination of Bugs Bunny and between his own character. But they talked for a while about the memory, and what if anything Newell learned about his life, or perhaps life in general. After Newell kept stuttering and talking in gibberish about how embarrassed he was to handle the situation the way he did Face spoke. "There are two kinds of humor. One helps us deal with the unbearable to relieve the load. But ironically humor can also make it unbearable for others to deal with the same load. Your life Newell…It is as divine as the comedy of this man. Be mindful of your place upon the planet. Whatever planet that may be at the time."

Newell was getting sick of the smart-ass rhetoric and began to wonder who Face truly was. But he couldn't quite put the pieces together. He could have been any number of figures from history or an alien God come to reign reality with the fist of an eye. Face could even have been a woman. The fact was this...Face was larger than life and more than the sum of Newell's conscience. But there was something too

familiar like an old shoe about this surreal sentience – This magistrate of madness. Newell learned quickly he was to find his own identity and not depend on Face for his sense of self. But Face was the master of the room and he harbored the elements of every memory along side the theory of sensory information. He had been here for an eternity and there weren't any doors. Newell knew he was here to do more than solve the pieces of his own identity. It was Newell's responsibility to bring back the memories, but Face needed features or Newell might go mad with wonder over the wide eyed apples in the tree upon his head. Newell knew the sign he kept receiving was something to recognize as significant in the outer limits of natural order. But for now Newell had one more mirror and another piece of the problem to put together like a metaphysical mystery. He knew the power of imagination and it was what the human race would always use to go from inspiration to the theory of relativity. The last mirror might make this world clear or Newell may never have the wisdom to understand what is going on. What he knew was that he had plenty of time, as Face sat silent beneath the ceiling and returned to his journal. "Thanks." He said. "I love the shit that you dish out."

THE DREAM OF THE DIAMOND

Before Newell looked into the last mirror he thought deeply about the state of his mind and where he was. The last reflection was more than a simple gaze was at the past. As Face proclaimed it was a lesson in humility. Both characters connected to the unbearable and perhaps the cornerstone of the entire alphabet that Face was furiously working on to save the situation of a sick and decaying system. Imagine psychosis…permanent in the place of the purgatory of an individual's most maddening moon before the sun. The cradle of humanity, an exterior existence, more removed than the construct of the clock. What if it was so? Positioned with the foaming mouth of the mind in its most ferocious form. That which exists within the mirror – Something trapped in the fossil of the earth's crust like a form of life reproducing to simply reproduce and strand itself in an evolutionary process that does not allow it to evolve. Two figures. Without arms, legs, or senses, as they exist in a room with a door that they can not reach. Neither

equipped to build upon the other, but damned to develop standing still with no where to go through the eternity of their species. What of humans and the road they travel through the tunnel of time on every level imaginable by an individual path, a path of the collective, and a path of the hereafter? Does the avenue of the virtual reality in which the race seems to be taking its course hold such beings to become permanently disassociated from reality? Trapped on the wrong side of the mirror looking at the wrong reality. Or leaving the concept all together. Who is to say what is real to begin with? What if Newell was stranded on an island in his youth and made use of his survival skills to cope with nature and not man? What would happen to the concept of reality created by such creatures? Reality, like a painting of a head without a face. Who is to give such a face features?

Newell wondered if he had a responsibility to save the cosmos, or succumb to an astronomical absurdity. He was here to find out who Face was if not for his own purpose to return to reality or whatever that might be, but to return with the worlds greatest riddle having an answer that might make an alien an accepted member of the society he wished to belong. Just as Christ made so many born again unto the new beginning of a faith that history ravished with the reality of different interpretations.

Newell suspected Face was bearing something himself that was more than the weight of what Newell could grasp. He wasn't trapped in eternity to live the pursuit of happiness. The room just didn't work that way. It was not decorated with the freedom of American flags and the ideals of a nation that were neither ideal nor real. Perhaps the comedy of creation kept Face from the complete and utter cross of the clock as it began when it ended. Like a fan in motion, there was no beginning or end when each part moved like the motion of water in an orchestra at once. Something set this insanity in motion and Newell knew it to begin when Newell begun. He had to laugh or he would lose his mind. Face was writing an alphabet of absurdity, but Newell began to gather he was the material Face was using to write the reality of all existence. Beginning with the birth of a closed system of nature. The irony of the

birth is that it was never born. Newell went round and round the room like Face until they reached the consummation of the Self or perfected the personality to match that of Christ and his passion on the cross. With the next mirror in mind Newell's face had to be funny or this was much too real to go on forever. Carry the cross in circles until he reached a reality so unbearable he might mutate into an abstract matter of energy pulsing in the punishment of an unnatural pain. There had to be some way to resolve the reason of this all.

Newell squinted his eyes and gazed at the sun as the last mirror told the truth of his reflection. Before he had the chance to take a breath of the sky he was looking up upon a tidal wave came crashing unto his mind, as he was quickly jolted with the life he once lived. He was washing dishes and became engrossed in the muck and disgust of the fast food that was before him. Like an infant playing with his or her own feces this was just Newell's job. He was quite a character when it came to regressing and of course the reality of it all was always unreal. He was about twenty years old, but liked to pretend he was the master of slop in the soup kitchen of Satan. Only he had dominion over the many flying saucers come to greet him with the disgust of the human wasting what need be given to those in need. His fantasy island in the washing room of the wretched was where he could be filthy with the memory of a child grossing out his coworkers if they only saw the way he went about the music on the radio as he danced with the Grateful Dead. He never went to a concert, but he knew the scene. It was to be had upon the empty conscience of every place he cared not to care.

He began to remember how he had just been released from the hospital. And he quickly recalled getting hired for the position. Newell was once a cashier and currently on summer vacation from a community college where he was studying fine arts. He gained

popularity with his art until he lapsed into a more severe state of illness with the dual diagnosis of drug abuse. Everyone Newell knew was a part of the crowd, but he was different. He had a flaw that might make him fly away forever. He couldn't handle, nor could he cope with his drugs. Washing dishes was what he was good at when he was studying to be paranoid and delusional like Dali. It used to crack him up to see the faces coming forth from the food. They were supposed to be meaningless muck, but no…The teeth and tongues of the talking apes made art on the alien crafts that came soaring into the kitchen. Newell was lost in imagination like most artists are when they work and slave for something meaningless to support something meaningful. Such as altered perceptions of the way people look when the Beatles were the Eggmen and the Walrus. Oh yes…And there was his art. Not that he could create something grand enough to be grand, but at this point in time he was a no nonsense cartoonist. A professional dishwasher…He might have never advanced in position if he didn't clean up his act. Unlike kids that did something like this as an entry level position in life Newell was going to master the art of a squeaky clean glass and shinny silverware. But that was his illusionary world. Unlike most people who have a little voice inside their head that says they should keep in touch Newell had a little voice inside his head that said, "GOO GOO GOO

JOOB." John Lennon knew the music of the mind. And Newell, well, he was a super hero of space and time. He got through the long hours of the night on nitrous oxide, as it was available to fill the whip cream canister.

Newell must have worked there for a good three months. Or so he imagined he worked there while he was really in an alternate universe exploring the deep riddle of the absurd. How grand a design it may be when the senses die the death of a solar system swallowed by the black hole of heaven. Pure elation in constant acceleration towards the speed of light and past the point of a step so secret it finds fire mutating the properties of the ocean. Nothing like evaporation in the earth and it's atmosphere, but one state given to the glory of the Gods. Nitrous Oxide was a drug that gave birth to philosophical thought and the high was like a collision with a comet of comedy. There was a question wrapped in the question of what it was and it kept revolving deeper and deeper into another question for eternity. Newell not only loved the high which lasted maybe five minutes in the language of an earthling, but he wanted to answer this question that kept making him feel like an entity of energy detached from the crazy clay of matter. He was an energy based alien in the far reaches of where the planet might be if looking through the glasses of a fly. Newell did discover the riddle

and how lucky for him he had a reason to return. His answer was one with the cosmos one night when he dropped from the high like a spread of machine gun fire hitting the ground. What he suddenly knew were momentary collisions with consciousness where life was as fragile as the skull that he fractured.

All the king's horses and all the king's men put Newell back together again. But Newell was not quite the same. Newell lost his memory of the night because of the severity of the concussion but he knew what had happened. Yet he lied about his use of drugs and was too weak from the trauma to take care of himself properly or manage his life on his own. He didn't dare tell Andrea who suffered so much by his side. She and Newell decided to sue his place of employment because of the incident. Against all the common sense Newell should have had in proceeding with moral fiber he couldn't quite recognize what reality was. He should have been up front with his mother before he let her take the case as far as he did. When someone is in between worlds, living the life of fantasy and the fancy of what they please, it isn't a matter of importance what consequence is. Tomorrow is a dream as much as today and flying people with purple neckties tell strange tales when one is asleep. Whispering things that seem sane in a state of slumber, but preposterous in the apple of the sin and the reason

it need be fed to the rational mind. People knew Newell did drugs, but he wouldn't take responsibility or admit something so foolish to his mother. Yet this made him more of an outcast. Not only was Newell branded by the many labels he already had, but also he now single handedly destroyed his chance at making something out of the nothing he had become. So much for the man of the millennium and what Newell could bring to life from the fountain of the great garden like a well of brilliance waiting to be given to mankind. The artist, or what he could have been in competition with the maestros of madness before him had let his brain burn the innovation of an accelerated genius to the ashes of a disabled in need of rehabilitation. Enough of the trauma itself…The community at large was wild with rumors spread like an underground railroad of where Newell had a new tunnel of light. That light was not the glory of God or what Newell might imagine to be any hope of redemption. Yet it blinded him to crawl on the tracks and find it face first. Such was the foresight of the great hero who conquered the riddle of time and space. At least he had an answer, as much as it hurt.

As Newell was back at school he wondered what the greater mistake was. Doing the drugs in the first place or not taking responsibility for what happened as a result. His mind was sluggish and his art was irrational. He began therapy, but it was going to take years

to heal from the concussion and he wasn't sure if he would get his edge back. Never mind being sure about whether or not the community wanted to allow a liar to have a piece of the action in the art scene. Where he once had a chance to be accepted by his peers and maybe do something with his art he was dragged through the mud of everyone's eyes. He had been hospitalized for his mental illness and that was public knowledge. As if it wasn't damning enough to be a nut he was a thief and a cheat not to be trusted or talked to with the new stain of evil eyes. Like a blind man feeling his way through the mess of his madness. This was the beginning of the end for Newell when suddenly he saw her as he was sitting in his life drawing class and working on a sketch of one of the models. She took the form of a nude and her arms were open wide with the soft comfort of a cloud. The room spinning like the illusion of life with its many colors as glorious as the Goddess that organized them into waterfalls circling in a collage of creation. She called to Newell with the whisper of a heart so sound in the silence of the absurd and its angry critique of his character. "Newell…I have come to bring you home." Once again it was the woman of the wheel and Newell's life was of little consequence whenever she appeared. She didn't have a place in the theory of existence that he knew in the fantasy of the two worlds. Neither reflection nor the room held the

promise of paradise until an exterior entity of such existences merged them to be mindful of both. Suddenly something made sense to Newell and the five Goddesses of the senses came together under the spell of the wheel that the woman would spin in creating existence. She was reality – Keeper of the womb and giver of the garden. Her nature completed the closed system and Newell…able to remember rejoiced with the joy of a child. The being of the born was life and the myth of immortality. To be one with the room without a door there was suddenly an extra rung on the ladder of time that made a man a mortal. This was the release from the burden of being and the déjà vu of completing the stages of the cross. Where the crucifixion was the old saying about insanity. Doing the same thing over and over again while expecting different results each time. What cruel punishment does God hand to the poor soul who is captured in such a saying. Newell decided to embrace the emptiness. For it was not empty. The beauty and comfort that the sign of the Goddess brought to him made such a conclusion seem inviting. The woman of the wheel was a whirlpool into oblivion that it might be like making love to Aphrodite. Face realized that Newell knew or was beginning to understand something that they both needed to know together. For Face was writing the entire concept of existence like Plato might write of Atlantis. It was than that

Face revealed the diamond and the room was the sixth sense of a star.

"Come to me Newell, I am the fourth mirror."

THE FINAL ACT OF FAITH

Newell knew that three was a mountain that had many paths and mankind was equipped with the claws and courage to climb with each individual finding his or her own way. But what it was to mark the territory of the top might be the conclusion of creation. The final sentence of existence, if such a thing known more so through our experience could be captured by language. Language was lunacy and unlike pure perception in the truth that the camera created on the film of the objective reality reaching distant stars in the broadcasts of the brain. There was something to make it all appear as a collective conscience of the cosmos. The fourth mirror was Face and Newell looked directly into the anonymous reflection of who it might be reflecting back as though neither Newell nor Face needed features in the origin of form. Wandering into the window of the soul there wasn't an eye but a woman of the wheel and a sixth sense building the bridge between an array of characters coming together as one.

Suddenly the room just vanished. In the same sense as a word spoken too many times. Its meaning…it just disappeared. Like lightning or perhaps more powerful than the gun of God in the reality of wrath. Something more electric raced throughout the spine of Newell as his inner eyes wandered in the synchronicity of two souls. Like a white light with two beings swimming in opposite directions of each other Newell was one with himself. He who sees his reflection…what joy rests in the underground river circling around the center of a surreal sun. Positive and negative people pleasing the purpose of each other with the consummation of the Self. Synchronized in a circle of the fourth mirror and Newell knew. It was his flag atop the Western World and their failure to push their progress to the point of pure thought. Face and Newell were one and the same as the entire panorama of vision opened like the vault of a camera's eye saving the soul of a scene. The center of the figures expanded in every direction to reveal the schematic of a mechanical mind of mirrors. As though every layer was a deeper regression to the core of the communion there were thousands of signs accelerating around the center. This was the mysterious alphabet of the journal that projected an image in the middle of the mind. Each sign was its own mirror of Newell's existence. Every experience reflecting throughout each other. They were all connected

by the process of free association to create the assemblage of all that is alien to existence. Every experience of Newell's life was held in the hidden characters of a cosmic ballet that spun the sun of the surreal reality of his roots in the earth of existence. Life itself like an organism brought to being in one giant swoop for the first time in existence the alphabet of art was such. Let it be born - being was dynamic…No sense but the sentience of design.

The design was a heavenly joy in the foundation of the fountain that sprang the birth of the nautical Newell. The earth was the moon of the ocean floor like a footstep on the sun. Pre-existent to what theory Newell might have had of the breathing concept of creation. Or existence – That thing in front of our face too close to characterize. From what world he was…A womb where his mind was selecting the course of his path on planet X or whatever world might support life. A pre-birth experience was pure joy as he looked down upon the illusion of life and was either in control of the creation of himself or being programmed for the path he would walk upon. As if this was the home before the waking world of life where an animal judges game a glorious feast and endures the long process of nature. Where people sit in an office and create carbon copies of the human race. Where evolution takes place and we worship the theory only for us to travel the

underground railroad of the universe and arrive at the central factory of frozen futures waiting to unfold once again into the increment of species. The birth of the big bang an intricate arrangement in the kernel of popping the cosmos where the cycle of transferred energy unto another living thing lets be the being in its chosen form. Newell knew joy and the great gift of the Goddess as the center of the sun showed her form while the signs arranged themselves to produce her appearance. The woman of the wheel, as if the womb of the world, was within the wonder of her heart. God gave her and she gave God in the marriage of the miracle. But it was something simple such as the gift of a grain of sand. All that need be. All that ever was. A miracle to behold in the middle of a void. The beholder as it belonged but not the center of itself, or the sun revolving around the earth.

When the woman of the wheel appeared to Newell she was heavenly in her height above the hounds of conventional reality. Newell knew she was an aspect of exterior existence where the psyche has yet to create an archetype or to develop an alien out of the thin air of the atmosphere. Things come into existence that are foreign to existence itself. The earthling wasn't real until the light let it be born unto the race. The elephant planet of preposterous poison people didn't exist until the image imagined and the word written. What is more

confounding is the reality of it out there somewhere once it is conceived. Newell conceived of comfort and the warmth of her heart became reality. Yet such was the womb where he might wait in the theory of rebirth knowing the suspended animation of joy. Only to be born again unto another world or so the transference of energy from one life to another was a window unto infinite worlds. The question at hand and the decision of time itself was whether or not Newell was ready to reach for the next rung unto the ending ceremony of his soul. Newell was at the point of completing his purgatory in the theory of existence and he had the potential to write the final sentence of an imploding hole in the heavens removing being from the process of processions. Life was precious but painful. Newell knew enough at this point to know peace. Why relive an earthy journey for the rest of eternity in whatever form he chose to look down upon creation and take? This was the birthplace of being and the cycle of reincarnation. But Newell came to conclude the never ending nothing of nirvana in the great comfort of the Goddess and her gift. Newell waited in this place pondering the form he would take upon his reentry into the atmosphere of earth when the woman of the wheel spoke to him. "Newell, you will return to your life at the point when you suffered the collapse of your will as though your life was never interrupted. You

may not have any idea of what you have been through in the echo of your imagination. The metaphysics of this mystery may seem like such insanity that you may think to forget as though you need to return to conventional reality with a sense of sanity. But there is something you must realize and there will be something tangible when you return to life as you once knew it."

The words of the woman were spoken like the soft caress that carries an infant to sleep and Newell drifted away to find himself back in the bed of the waking world of reason. The place where we think about the dreams we have the night before but pay more mind to the debts we owe each other. Newell's will was intact as though he never broke down but simply woke up from the rapid eye movement of a memory left lying in an unresolved reality. Such was too complex to recall with the window of the moment being so small in comparison. The horror of the breakdown was over and Newell was in what appeared to be the common place reality of his apartment where the world was still on the merry go round of going crazy as usual. Where people were making a mess of society and fighting wars for the freedom they didn't have. Newell didn't remember much and it seemed everything was as it appeared, but there was a book beside him that wasn't there when he broke down. It was called "An Alien to Existence"

and Newell had no idea where it came from or what it was about. All he knew was that the repercussions of his failure as a writer and artist left him a broken man and he didn't have the answers to anything. Newell chose to forget his experience in the metaphysics of his imagination. The reality of such was so unreal he might go crazy if he let the floodgates conquer his conscience with more than his ego would allow. The mind is of a different fabric in common sense contraptions that create the world of working parts and logical digits on the wristwatch waiting for the normal to take their path upon normality. But the book was about to remind Newell of more than he might be equipped to comprehend.

At first Newell didn't open the book or care to do anything but wonder about the title. "An Alien to Existence" – It sounded like something he might have thought of if he had just been abducted. He was back in bed and still shaken from the nervous breakdown. Though as far as he was aware he became comatose and fell asleep to wake up to a brand new morning with the birds singing their praises to the paradise of their kingdom. Nothing happened of any importance in between the moment he collapsed and the moment his eyes saw the sun shinning through the window and surround the room with the light of Atlantis discovered like the day. Newell sat up in bed and for the life of

him he couldn't figure out why a book fell from the heavens like a fairy tale might tell a story of bringing something back from a dream. Stranger things happened and someone might have left it there for him to read. Every logical explanation could reason the tooth fairy, but it was mysterious non-the less. Newell decided to read. He didn't believe in miracles as he did when he was a child but this book came out of nowhere and he was in conventional reality. It was as if nothing happened but the sandman's visit to his sunken eyes. Only this sand was more like silver stones that were large in mass and circling around Saturn. What surprise might wait in the center of the sun, as such is the enlightenment of the mind at work with words.

When Newell opened the book and began reading the root of reason, as such language was an opening event to the optic mind, he realized he was reading about his life. But it was from an objective point of view, as though someone else had been watching over him and writing it from the camera's eye. Like the hawk looking down from its flying fortress in the brilliant blue bouncing back upon the ocean Newell was water. He read all about his childhood and what lucid trauma his life was in the fragile egg of growing with a crack or two. He spent the rest of the day in tears over the many failures he suffered while he tried to make something of himself. Of course there was the

life in between as well. The reckless youth of rebellion that knew more about life than Jesus had the power to heal the leper. Reading how he threw his future away for fear he only lived to love the moment. And what trouble he caused surmounted to make him want to close his eyes and feel the fool before the forest. There were trees and he could see them but Newell was embarrassed to read while he stood there wondering why the desert was during this time of his life. A desert of great many mirages with great many sirens singing so sensual he loved the language of lust. Newell went on to read about his life as an artist and the inspiration he had to write his own book. The pages turned by themselves and he began to see the words come to life in his mind like a movie might project an image on a screen. He was reading at an automatic speed that was bringing the book to bloom its full bounty of Newell. As if no stone of his thoughts were left alone, but gathered to toss into the pool of the unconscious and ripple every memory from his life. He relived the grueling process of writing his story, which took a good five years of his life to do. Those were the most trying times and An Alien to Existence illustrated Newell's tremendous fear of rejection while he was coming closer and closer to completing his work. The pressure he felt as he published was narrated with such lucidity that Newell remembered a good five-month period of terrible headaches

where his brain was a bag of cement trying to ooze through his nostrils. Newell spent the majority of his days lying in bed trying to focus under the pressure of publication.

Newell read on through the day. The book was bigger than the Bible. Of course it need be to truly capture the entire spectrum of an existence. Newell relived the account of his book as it bombed. It was a disaster and he lost a tremendous amount of support from the people who loved him. He read about how no one believed his story and what he thought to be true were lies in the eyes of those around him. Everyone accused Newell of blaming other people for his problems when he took on a tremendous amount of responsibility in writing his book. Newell read on about how everyone transferred the guilt and shame back onto his shoulders as if he was living the night of the living dead. The soul survivor of the night who was shot in the end, as though no one believed he was alive. In essence, An Alien to Existence was a book about a book that someone had been writing from the beginning of being.

Newell read everything and eventually came to the point where he read about the severe nervous breakdown. An Alien to Existence truly took off into the twilight when he read of the metaphysics of his

imagination and what worlds he wandered into when he was kissed by the unconscious. Everything came back to him about his journey through the unreal and he realized the book was a product of what he experienced in the mansion of the mind. Newell read more and that was not all there was to the story. Newell was frightened to death when he read about how he did not survive his nervous breakdown. He actually died of mysterious causes as if the will was what carried our conscience through the day. For some reason Newell didn't have the will to survive the pressure of the punishment and though he seemed to be in working order, or at least capable of reading this book, it was clearly stated that he was dead. What he experienced after the collapse of his conscience was an echo of existence or an aftermath of the imagination. An Alien to Existence proclaimed that things occur after death that seem to be moments of truth only when an individual's mind has not accepted that they have actually died. Like a chicken running around after its head gets chopped off. Such was what Newell was, or so it seemed the mind went into shock when the sickle sunk its teeth like a raging shark beneath the surface of the state called consciousness.

Newell didn't know what to make of this. He didn't know if he was dead when suddenly the pressure of leaving life began to weigh upon him in the hurricane of another breakdown as brutal as the one

that brought him to this revelation. The pressure began to build and Newell knew it was going to happen all over again. Perhaps forever, as the old saying was true. Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again while expecting different results each time. Existence was unbearable. Newell had to have a sense of humor about the divine comedy of God's creation, but this was a never-ending cycle of never ending. Give being birth and watch it become like hell in the heart of war with oneself. One hand will stab at the other and the left hemisphere of the brain may never make sense of the right in the reality of a permanent error.

Though the pain of the pressure began to punish Newell to such an extreme, as Hades in his heart spreading sparks through his veins, there was something exterior to the sound of the beating existence. Once again a small child helpless as he fought the atrocity of a maddening migraine he quickly came to his foundation to remember something he had fried in the oven of his brain. There was a beautiful butterfly of gold giving grace in the gentle warmth of its tender wings. Newell heard a voice. The whisper of someone he once knew to be the savior of his youngest years called to him just as she did when he was in the torture and torment of a terrible attack on his being. Newell remembered his mother, as she was when he was a child lying in bed

with a face cloth on his forehead. "Newell, please listen…Let go of the pain and step outside of the process. You are more than ready to hear the quiet sound of the sensory world." She spoke softly as the comfort of her heart reunited Newell with the small child of his substructure. But soon it appeared to reveal more than Andrea alone, as the woman of the wheel took form and spun the palace of peace in the passion of her radiance as reality. Newell saw her as a figure grander than the mother of earth and more majestic than the silver sky of an alien world from which she arrived. It was as if her voice so softy sailing through the frequency of Newell's brainwave patterns let him rest from his former life. Newell closed his eyes and saw the earth from a great distance thinking how silly it was to hold on to such a place. The world wasn't home nor had it ever been the earth from which the dead dare dream. Newell wondered why this was so frightening when he felt the world vanish off of the horizon and into the black hole of existence where it itself swallows its tail. Newell left and he did so in peace by the grace of something greater. The love of a woman who spoke the truth of the stars – It is a free and wonderful thing to return to the night. What quiet when thought be torment. What relief when being be bouncing back and forth between mirrors. All throughout Newell's life nothing mattered but this final moment of setting sail with the pleasant breeze

of letting go.

It may be in question how I know so much about Newell and the intimate thoughts, or the camera that we would bring into a dream. Do we truly bring back images of a dream, and is such a camera conceivable in the possibility of the future? No one can truly say where Newell went when the Earth vanished off of the horizon. But it can be said that I am a photograph of Newell's dream. I am Newell. I don't exist and I am not real. I can't say for certain that any of this was ever here. Think of me as an illusion that one must look beyond to see the truth. Like the words on a tombstone, I say I was here but this is no longer here for me to say so. I am more or less a hallucination or an after effect of existence. I am an echo of the imagination. I reside in the memory or database of the human mind, as we know it to exist in life. I reside in the ego of an alien, as we know it to exist in unreality. But odds are that I was never truly here. I am invisible and as meaningless and forgettable as words. But while I seemed to be here I was pretty sure there was a reason why I was. Much of what I know or much of what I knew when I existed was what I wanted and how I wanted it in the moment of my illusion come to completion. The consummation of the Self and the completion of the cross…four points to each end. It didn't truly matter where I went when the horizon vanished. And it

didn't truly matter what life was or how I tried to reason existence. What was important was the meaning I gave it no matter what meaning it might have had. My life may have been a meaningless journey through the quick sand of time, but for one moment and one moment only. The moment I left. Let the final sentence of existence read in silence.